

Jacksonville

Republican

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VOLUME XLII.

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DESERTED.

A briery lane, where wild birds sing
All through the summer day;
A beech-tree old, whose branches fling
Long shadows o'er the way.

A nest, built up in the rustling boughs,
Lined soft with moss, so green,
A tiny dwelling—a woodland house
With leaves for a sheltering screen;

Three delicate eggs, that pearl-like lie
Beneath two brooding wings.
A mate that hovers all watchful by,
Or sits beside, and sings.

A careless boy, with a pitiless heart,
That cares not for loving things;
A bird, that rises with timid start,
On sacred and fluttering wings.

A sorrowful note of plaint and woe
Rings out in the quiet air,
And the pearl-like eggs lie crushed below,
On the beech-roots, old and bare.

And still, in the boughs of the old beech-
tree,
Mid its rustling sprays of green,
The deserted nest will may see
Peep out from its verdant screen,

But the bird on its gay and gladsome wing
Returns to the nest no more;
And the mate that would sit on the boughs
And sing,
His summer songs are o'er

And nought can bring from the happy Past
When light and love have fled
(Though the walls of the dear old home
May last.)
But memories of the dead.

Adrienne's Mistake.

Adrienne Huntley sat thoughtfully
reading two letters. Her father
and brother had long since finished their
breakfast and departed to their daily avo-
cations. Still she did not move, her
barely tasted coffee had grown cold, and
the spiced, Carlo, waited in vain for his
usual kug of sugar.

Very pretty was Adrienne, though
now an anxious frown contracted her
delicate brow. The male population of
Caldwell were not far wrong when they
declared her to be the belle of the
town. Not often would you meet with
such a pure-tinted complexion, such
lustrous dark eyes, such a coronal of glossy
chestnut plaits, or such a perfectly pro-
portioned figure.

At length she rose, and ringing to
have the table cleared, went about her
usual household occupations.

She neglected nothing. The pantry
was duly inspected, stores were given
out, pastry was made, and the necessary
amount of dusting was accomplished.

But during the performance of these
customary duties, her face never lost
its *distrait*, pre-occupied expression.

The last post the night before had
brought her an offer of marriage. This
offer was from a gentleman whom she
respected much, but certainly did not
love. He was, though, very rich, and
the owner of considerable property in
the neighborhood.

Then by the first post that morning
had come another proposal. Strange to
say, from the cousin of her other suitor.
He, however, had neither land nor
money to boast of, being by profession
an artist, and at present only an un-
known, unappreciated one.

Hence arose Adrienne's difficulty.
She liked her rich lover, but alas! for
the contrary of human nature, she
loved her poor one. But, then, all her
life she had to pinch, and contrive and
manage. Her father was a poor doctor
in a poor parish, and every pound his
patients paid him was spent in antici-
pation before it found its way into
his waiting hand.

A new pair of gloves or a new ribbon
was a subject for deep rejoicing to his
pretty daughter, while the cunning
turnings and twistings and re-trim-
mings and her bonnets and dresses under-
went, would fairly have astonished a young
lady of more ample means.

Consequently a sharp temptation now
assailed her. Should she bid adieu to
poverty and shabbiness, and second-rate
living, and accept George Morley, and
with him the certainty of a splendid
home, carriages, plentiful jewelry, and
all those countless luxuries that wealth
can purchase? Or should she—bravely
resisting the enticing prospect—consent
to become Guy Morley's wife, and her
presence and sympathy soothe and en-
courage him in his struggles and disap-
pointments?

It was hard to decide, and all the morn-
ing she hesitated and wavered. In the
afternoon irresolution was no longer
possible. Yet even with her desk open
and writing materials ready, she paused.
What should she do? Which should it
be? At last, with pale face and com-
pressed mouth she dipped her pen in the
ink and wrote two short notes. And the
one of acceptance was for George Morley,
and the one of rejection was for his
cousin Guy.

These dispatched, she hoped her mind
would be at peace. But now she felt
wretched and miserable, and in the twi-
light, when she played to her father,
and sang his favorite old ballads, her
voice had a harsh, strained tone, and
suddenly, in the midst of the concluding
verse of "And Robin Grey," she broke
down completely, and burst into tears.

"Why, Addie, child, are you not well?
Is anything the matter, dear?" ex-
claimed her father.

"—My head aches. I will go to bed
I think. Good night, papa."

Once in her room the pent-up feelings
so long repressed had their way. Now
that it was too late she would have given
her right hand to retract her decision.
Position and comfort, dresses and dia-
monds, of what value would they be
without him?

A sleepless night passed, and she

arose tired and heavy-eyed. Every
knock at the door, every step at the
door, every ring at the bell, caused her
to tremble with fear and apprehension.
She must expect an early visit from her
father; but she must expect him to
arrive radiant with triumph, and how
should she meet him?

It was evening, but he had not come.
Her father had been called to a patient
at some distance, her brother had gone
to attend a lecture on vivisection, and
Adrienne was alone in the drawing-
room.

She could not sit still, so out through
the open French window she stepped,
and across the smooth-cut grass.

At the end of the lawn was a moss-
grown path, and up and down this she
paced, her dress of soft gray making
her moving figure distinctly visible
against the sombre background of an
ivy-colored wall.

The sunset hour was passed, the opal
hues of the sky were darkening, when
a step on the gravel startled her, and a
man's figure came hastening toward her.

Instinctively she recoiled, and would
have fled; but in a moment she was
folded in strong arms and hot kisses fell
on her cheeks, and lips and brow.

"—I!" she began, trying to release
herself.

The waiting light revealed who it was
that held her in such close embrace.
Resistance was at an end then.

She forgot that her troth was plighted
elsewhere—forgot everything but the
present rapture, as she let her head
drop forward on Guy's breast.

"Oh! my darling! my darling!" he
murmured, in passionate accents, "what
have I done to deserve such happiness?
I scarcely dared to hope that you would
be mine, and when I got your sweet
little letter, I think I was nearly delir-
ious with joy for a time."

"My letter? Why, it—why, it—"
You expected me before, dearest?
You thought me a tardy wooer, did you
not? But I have strange and wonder-
ful news to tell you, my beautiful one!"

"Oh! Guy, stay—stay. Have you my
letter with you? Let me see it, please?"

Reluctantly, he withdrew his arm and
produced the precious epistle.

She read it, and her blushes were suc-
ceeded by a deadly pallor, as she discov-
ered that she must have put the notes in
the wrong envelopes, so that the letter
of acceptance had reached "G. Morley,
Esq., care of Mrs. Pratt, Laborum
Cottage," and the letter of rejection had
gone to "G. Morley, Esq., Peterwood
Hall." Their initials and surnames
being the same had rendered such a
mistake perfectly easy and unde-
tectable.

Unwittingly she had had obeyed the
dictates of her heart. Should she
now let things be as they were? Should
she say no word, but allow her lover to
remain in blissful ignorance of her
former mercenary determination? No
former mercenary determination? No
one had been in her confidence; even
her father had been unaware of the
receipt of her two proposals. But
honor and loyalty whispered nay—
She must tell Guy all, and then—
and then—

He had become impatient, and would
have drawn her to his side again but she
stepped back.

"No, no, wait. I—I have something
to say to you."

"Very low and quivering was her
voice."

"Yes, darling, I am listening, but do
not try my patience too much. You
have not given me a single word of
welcome yet."

"I made a mistake. I did not write
this letter to you."

"Did not write that letter to me,
Adrienne? Oh, Heaven! what do you
mean?"

He sprang forward and grasped her
arm so fiercely that she winced with
pain. His face was ghastly, and his
eyes were fixed on her with wild en-
travels.

I had a proposal of marriage from Mr.
George Morley, and I wrote this letter
to accept it."

"And what was my answer, then?"
he hoarsely interrupted.

"—I said I was sorry, but I could
not be your wife, but—"

He staggered back. The revulsion of
feeling was too much, and he felt stun-
ned and dizzy.

For the first time since she had begun
her explanation she raised her head and
looked at him. With a cry she sprang
to him.

"Oh, Guy, forgive me, forgive. It is
you I care for, you I love. I have been
so unhappy ever since I sent the letters.
It was his wealth tempted me. I have
been so poor all my life, and thought it
would be so nice to be rich: but when I
had written I saw my wickedness. I
knew I never could be happy with him,
and I did not know what to do. I have
been dreading that he would come all
day, and I was afraid to see him."

She clung to him in agony; but he
was passive and silent, making no motion
to hold her.

"Oh! Guy, speak to me," she moan-
ed; say you do not utterly despise me!"
Gently he disengaged her hands,
slowly he retreated a pace.

"You would have thrown me over be-
cause I was poor; you would have mar-
ried George because he is rich."

When all the while his wealth was the
attraction?"

"Yes," came the low pitiful whisper.
And I—I should have been treated as
a daring, presumptuous fellow, who—"

"No—no! I never should have
thought that. You do not know how
bitterly I repent. Oh! forgive me,
even if you can no longer love me!"

She waited, her very attitude plead-
ing for mercy; then, sadly, and with
lagging feet, she turned to go.

Scarcely a dozen yards had she pro-
ceeded, when, with a hasty stride or
two, he had overtaken her.

She shrank away.

"Spare me any further reproaches.
You are cruelly just; for a moment of
weakness you would mete out a lifetime
of punishment."

"My darling!"

She started and turned, and the love
she thought was forfeited forever, she
knew was hers still.

"I must tell you my news now, de-
arest. I had a telegram yesterday sum-
moning me to London at once. I went
and found it was from a firm of lawyers.
They told me that a distant relation,
from whom I had not the slightest ex-
pectations, had died, and left me a large
fortune. I stayed just to sign a few pa-
pers, then hurried back, for I was eager
to have your answer. It was waiting
at my lodgings; and, as soon as I read
it, I came straight here. So you see,
dear, you will have a rich husband
after all."

"Hush—hush! Don't—please don't!"
she begged.

"Forgive me, dear one! I was wrong
to speak so. But you forget that you
have not yet sealed your promise to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Not one kiss have I received, and I
have been very patient, I think. Sweet-
heart, I claim my due now."

She lifted her rosy lips, and the seal
was set to their betrothal.

A Night's Rest.

The food passes from the stomach at
the right side, hence its passage is fa-
cilitated by going to sleep on the right
side. Water and other fluids flow
equally on a level, and it requires less
power to propel them on a level than
upward.

The heart propels the blood to
every part of the body, at each suc-
cessive beat, and it is easy to see that if
the blood is in a horizontal position the
body will be less to the action of the
system with greater ease, with less
expenditure of power, and more
perfectly than could possibly be done
if one portion of the body was ele-
vated above a horizontal line. On the
other hand, if one portion of the body
is too low, the blood does not return as
readily as it is carried thither; hence,
there is an accumulation and disten-
sion, and pain soon follows. If a per-
son goes to sleep with the head but a
very little lower than the body, he will
either soon wake up or will die with
apoplexy before the morning, simply
because the blood could not get back
from the brain as fast as it was carried
to it. If a person lays himself down
on a level floor to sleep, a portion of
the head at least is lower than the
heart, and discomfort is soon induced;
hence, very properly the world over
the head is elevated during sleep. The
savage uses a log of wood or a bunch of
leaves; the civilized a pillow, and if
this pillow is too thick, raising the
head too high, there is not blood enough
carried to the brain, and as the brain is
nourished, renewed, and invigorated
by the nutriment it receives from the
blood during sleep, it is not fed suffi-
ciently, and the result is unrestful
sleep, and a waking up in
weariness, without refreshment, to be
followed by a day of drowsiness, dis-
comfort, and general inactivity of both
mind and body.

The healthful mean is a pillow
which, by the pressure of the head,
keeps it about four inches above the
level of the bed or mattress, nor should
the pillow be so soft as to allow the
head to be buried in it and excite per-
piration, endangering ear ache or cold
in the head on turning over. The pil-
low should be hard enough to prevent
the head sinking more than about three
inches.

A New Store.

A fat citizen having in view the pur-
chase of a new coat, was yester-
day standing in front of a new store,
when a newsboy halted and respect-
fully said:

"I suppose you've seen the new stove,
the one that beats 'em all."

"I don't know that I have," was the
calm reply.

"You ought to see this, sir. They are
allus talkin' 'bout these coal stoves
which save ten per cent. of fuel, and
now they've got one."

"Have, oh?"

"Yes, I saw this one going the
other day 'nuff to bake an ox, an' it
didn't burn any coal at all—not even a
pound."

"Is that possible. Why, I never
heard of such a thing. Didn't burn
any coal at all?"

"Not an ounce, and it was throwing
out an awful heat. I don't see
how they got the heat."

"They burned wood, sir," was the
humble reply.

The man tried to coax the boy within
reach, but the lad had to go to the post-
office.

The pleasure of doing good is the only
pleasure that never wears out.

Sweet Is Revenge.

He was a very estimable young man,
and his parents had invited him to stop
to supper. She was behaving in the
most charming manner, while the old
folks beamed benevolently around the
table on all. There was one dark cloud,
however. The young heir, aged eleven,
was evidently not at ease, and gave
premonitions of an outbreak of some
nature, that certainly would not ap-
pear well before a visitor. A slight
nervousness pervaded the behavior of
the young miss in consequence of this
fact.

"Father!" ejaculated the heir, dur-
ing a lull in the conversation, and with
such suddenness that the young man
bit his tongue.

"What is it, my son?" inquired the
father mildly.

"Do you know where Jon was las-
t night?" said the heir, malevolently
scowling at the visitor as he spoke.

"Hush, Charley," said the sister,
with a horrible look, while the young
man turned red, white and blue in rap-
id succession.

"Never mind, now," said the mother
soothingly.

"Oh, yes, you say never mind—oh
yes!" exclaimed the heir, malignantly
"but if you'd seen 'er an' this feller's
arm a holdin' on her shawl—"

"Oh, what a lie!" screamed the young
lady, hysterically, while the young
man grasped the sides of the chair and
tried to pull himself out of his perspi-
ration-soaked shirt.

The father was equal to the occasion.
He grabbed the heir by the ear, and
lifted him through the door. And when
the horror-stricken young man soon
after tottered out the door and down
the street, the dreadful boy stood
behind the fence, and hissed through a
crack:

"Oh, you sop-headed pill—you—you
boarding-house-hack masochist, per-
haps you'll make yerself kind enough to
'squeal' on me again when you see me
with the feller in swimming on Sun-
day down at the brick-yard."

Japanese Fireworks.

On a recent visit to a manufactory of
Japanese fireworks, the proprietor
courteously insisted upon sending up a
couple of his magic cases, as unlike the
foreign rocket as can well be conceived.

Out of one of these burst clouds of va-
riated hue, with fantastic accessories,
but which were blurred and smothered
by the muck behind. From the other
emerged a triol or flag, which was
seized by the wind and borne rapidly
far out into the bay, "mere wattage of
the air."

Night and day rockets—we
must use this word for want of a better
—are neither of them self-propelling.
They are shot perpendicularly into the
air from mortars imbedded into the soil
at right angles to the horizon. Perfect
accuracy of flight is thus insured, a re-
sult hardly attainable with the West-
ern stick and self-propulsion system.

The ordnance is made of wood—very
often mere pine, though camphor wood
is preferred. Every mortar is com-
posed of two pieces, each like half of
one of the metal mortars in use among
our armies, supposing the instrument to
be split downward from the mouth to
the breech. A touch-hole is bored in
the lower extremity of one of these
half tubes, and the two are then solidly
and tightly bound together with bam-
boo strips, just as buckets and

R. R. R.

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CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED BY
Radway's Ready Relief**

**RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT
BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES BY
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**

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Laziness, Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, irregular discharges from the bowels, which are stopped in five or twenty minutes by taking a box of Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation of the bowels, or any kind of disease, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous, neuralgia, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or limbs, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swollen or inflamed joints, piles in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease. It is a safe and certain remedy for a

permanent cure. Price 50 cents.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all discharges of the intestinal viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

The Great Blood Purifier,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DI-
SEASE, SCROFULA OR SYM-
PLISTIC, HEREDITARY OR
CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR
BONES, ETC.

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrophulous Swelling, hacking Dry Cough, Catarrhus Affections, Syphilitic Complications, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloratus, White swellings, Tumors, Leucorr. Seta and Bile Diseases, Neuralgic Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Arteriosclerosis, Consumption.

Liver Complaint, &c.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent exert all remedial actions in the cure of Chronic, Heretofore, Incurable, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, stoppage of water, Incontinence of Urine, Hematuria, Albuminuria, Stricture, and all cases where there are brick-red deposits, or where the water is thick, cloudy, viscid, or where the sediment is like curd, clots, shreds, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white of boyish deposit, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

DOAN'S KIDNEY

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH

CURED BY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

**HAVE HAD AN OVARIAN TUMOR
IN THE OVARIES AND BOW-
ELS FOR TEN
YEARS.**

ANN ARMOR, Dec. 27, 1893.

DR. RADWAY: That others who be benefited
I make this statement:
I have had an Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries
and bowels for ten years. I tried the best pos-
sible medicine, but without any benefit. It
was growing with such rapidity that
I could not have lived much longer. A med-
icine induced me to try you. I took your
cure: no much faith in them, but finally, and
much dell'eration, I tried them.
I feel perfectly well, and my heart is full of
gratitude to God for this help in my distress.
To you, sir, and your wonderful medicine, I
feel deeply indebted, and my prayer is that it
may be a such a blessing to all who are
in need of it. MRS. C. H. CHURCH.

Mrs. Robbins, who in 1885 she bore a child, was
the person for whom I requested you to send
medicine in June, 1893. The medicine alone
stated were bought of me, with the exception
of what was sent to her by you. I may say that
her statement is correct without a qualification.

(Signed) S. L. NICHOLS.

Druggist and Chemist, ANN ARMOR, M. D.

Thus may certify that Mrs. Robbins' statement
is correct, and that she has been cured in nearly
years well known to me, and the facts therein
stated are undeniably correct.

Any one who knows Mrs. Robbins will believe

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 BY M. D. COCKER, MARY B. POND,
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 FOUR-PART SONGS FOR MALE VOICES.
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Complete, 82 pp. Vienna parts, 60 cts.
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AT THE

REPUBLICAN OFFICE

THE OLD GRIST MILL.

By Willow Brook, beneath the hill,
Stands quiet and gray the old grist mill
Springing mosses on its steep roof grow
Where round their shade the willows throw.
The pond near by is clear and deep,
And round its brink the alders sweep;
The lily pads spread gay and green,
The lilies white and gold between;
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound
The water-wheel turns round and round.

Among the reeds the musk-rat dives;
And swift "the swallow homeward flies;"
The robin sits in cedars near
Where Willow Brook runs swift and clear;
The children by the school-house play,
Where slumberous shadows softly stray
And warm and low the summer breeze
In whispering thro' the willow leaves:
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound
The water-wheel turns round and round.

The crows wing their southern way
The squirrels in the nut trees play;
With merry shouts the school boys run;
The mountains blush "neath autumn's sun"
Their grain they bring along the hill,
The farmers, to the old grist mill;
And faint from far o'er hill and dale
Falls on the ear the thrasher's hail,
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound
The water-wheel turns round and round.

Long years have come and passed away
The mill with age is gaunt and gray;
The roof gaps wide to rain and sun;
With cobwebs thick the walls are hung.
The pond is overgrown with weeds;
The marsh-wind blows among the reeds;
The night winds thro' the willows moan
The school-house gone, the children grown;
The farmers sleep where wild flowers grow
Who brought their grain so long ago,
When ground the mill with rumbling sound
And the water-wheel turned round and round.

Flame Under Ashes.

Reginald Douglas had just returned from the Occident, and it was not till some time later that he had accumulated a fortune within the shadow of the Golden Gate.

He was much past forty, and a childless widower, and it was not long before his sister knew that he intended to make her handsome son his heir.

But Mrs. Guion was plentifully endowed with the good things of this world, and demurred in a manner seemingly wise and affectionate.

"You are not old Reggy," she observed, tenderly, "and most desirable women admire you. Why should you not marry again and rear up a family of heirs and heiresses of your own?"

A most satirical smile curled his bearded lips.

"I did not find matrimony so sweet and fine a state that I should wish to try it again," he answered.

"And yet your late wife was said to be beautiful, irreproachable, and rich and aristocratic like yourself," returned the sister.

"Yes," he replied slowly; "but a wife if unloved and unloving may be all this and yet make a home a hateful place, and a husband a cynic or a fiend."

"How very shocking!" ejaculated Mrs. Guion.

"The only woman I ever loved, he went on bitterly, "was false, or thinking me so, vanished out of my life in silence and mystery; and that event left my heart in ashes. I married in angry haste, and my bonds are my rightful punishment."

"There must still be flame beneath the ashes, Reginald," was the half playful reply; "or surely you could not remember Agnes De Ideville to speak of her thus."

"I loved her," he said.

"Impossible! You could not have truly loved a variety actress?"

"And why not?" he demanded with energy; "Agnes was pure as snow and as noble in principle as she was comely of person. She was the sole support of a dying father and a heart-broken invalid sister. She could procure no other employment to give them the necessities of life. Surely it was no dishonor, with such a motive, to sing for her bread, though her songs were heard by the gross and clownish."

"You were always peculiar in your ideas," said Mrs. Guion, with a sneer, "and my son is like you. He fell in love with my maid, and I was obliged to send her away."

"No!" exclaimed her brother, the Douglas pride bringing forth a disapproving frown in spite of his own tender memories and vials of democracy.

"Yes," responded his sister, pursuing her advantage with vigor, "he would have married her at once had I not threatened him with expulsion from home and utter and eternal dishonor."

"You did rightly," said Reginald Douglas.

"But you see if you make him your heir he will be independent of our riches," said Mrs. Guion, pleadingly.

"He shall never have a dollar of mine except on conditions that will make it impossible for him to take a wife from a class beneath him," answered the wealthy man. "The good old granite Douglas pride is beneath the ashes of my heart—no dissolving flame, as you shall see."

"I am glad that it is so, Reggy," rejoined Mrs. Guion.

"And now I will go out to find the lad," said her brother.

The day was heavy with a cloudy heat as he went forth, and as he reached humming, whirling Broadway, a shock thunder cracked across the dead air. He turned into a side street, and was half across it when a blinding lightning flash dazzled him.

He heard a shout of warning and

alarm, a roar of grinding wheels and crashing hoofs, and the next instant felt himself, struck down, dully stunned, and conscious only of a great stinging sensation of pain.

Hours later when his senses came back, he found himself in a pretty, simple chamber, alone with the fairest creature he had ever seen.

She was a petite blonde, colorless as snow, with black gray eyes and dead gold hair, like a nimbus framing her perfect and angelic young face.

She was evidently a lady, notwithstanding her meek robes and unadorned surroundings.

A motion fretted his bruises, and he uttered a groan.

She was at his side instantly, holding a dainty cup to his lips with an authoritative hand.

"Please take this," she said, with coaxing sweetness. "You must sleep again if you would soon be well."

And so he drank and slept again, and again awoke to marvel at the graces of his lovely nurse.

He asked no questions. As in a dream he fancied that some siren had given him to drink of the lotus-eater's cup, and that he would be content to lie there in supine helplessness forever.

But the second day when he awoke, and felt his strength coming back again, his fancies vanished.

"I must request my ministering angel to send me home," he thought.

He looked about the little chamber, but she was not there.

But through the open door he caught a flutter of white garments and a shimmer of dead-gold hair.

"Dr. Willett tells me that your gentle nursing has saved his life," a man's low whisper was saying. "My dear little wife, what a treasure you are."

Then followed a brief murmured colloquy, unconsciously telling the listener that grave difficulties of some kind had beset their wedded love.

"They are troubled for want of money," he thought, "and I have been a burden to them, but their burden shall be a bag of gold to them."

Then he called faintly.

His lovely nurse came quickly to him, her lovely cheeks flushed like sunrise on snow.

"I have heard that you saved my life," he said.

"And what more?" she asked confusedly.

"That you are in some sort of trouble," he smiled. "Will you let me help you? It is my duty, and it is your right to ask what you will. Anything you ask is yours."

"Anything?" she returned, her sweet face whitening and anxious.

"Yes," he answered; "I am quite rich enough to give all you may ask."

"It is not of money I am speaking," she responded, proudly, but with that sort of pride that seems sacrificing something of itself. "I think you have some influence with one who is making us—my husband and me—very unhappy. Could you persuade one, do you think, that it is best to let true love have its way, and that I would not make an unworthy wife?"

Two big tears lay on the soft cheeks, and her womanly eyes were full upon him.

"An unworthy wife! Why, my dear child, I should consider myself a fortunate man if my husband could be my own son, if I had one. Ah! what is this?"

As he spoke, Albert Guion, agitated and embarrassed, advanced to the bedside and drew the pretty pleader within his strong arms.

"Then you will not allow mother to be too unkind to us, Uncle Reginald?"

"Which do you care more for, her affection or your birthright?" he asked, sternly.

"I care for both, uncle," was the answer; "but for Susie more than all."

There was a long silence then.

Reginald Douglas was battling with his pride and the olden tenderness that still made his life so bitter, as well as with the humorous sense of his position.

"We shall see," he said at last; "send for your mother, and let me think alone."

Albert Guion led his young wife out of the room, and for a long time the proud man lay watching the sunshine playing on the wall, and thinking of the old, dear time, when on sweet face had been more precious to him than favor or fortune, and of the agony and madness that had sickened him when he had lost the one loved of his life.

"After all it is not stone but flame under the ashes of my heart," he mused; but his face was set and hard, and his stormy eyes were stern.

he saw in her beautiful, veiled eyes that made him at once so gallant and humorous and bold.

But he gained the promise that was scarcely given before Mrs. Guion entered, as angry as her motherly affection and well-bred politeness would allow her to be.

"These are unpleasant things I hear," she said; "surely, Reginald, you have not invited my only son to disobey me, nor allow him to think that you discontinue such unwarrantable conduct?"

"It is best to let young love have its way, sister; and do you remember the good old saying that 'a house divided against itself shall not stand?' Susie will be a daughter whom you can well honor and love, and as she is the niece of this lady who is about to be my wife, I shall be happy to welcome and esteem her as the bride of a Douglas."

"Not Agnes De Ideville?" cried Mrs. Guion, with a little gasp of astonishment.

Nevertheless, then and there she accepted the situation with becoming grace; and afterwards, as the two brides became more and more beloved and admired among their new and aristocratic friends, she became a model of a sister and mother, perhaps because of policy, and perhaps because under the ashes of pride there had ever smoldered a flame of womanly kindness and affection.

Vesuvius.

This remarkable volcano, which is now in a state of eruption, stands on the east shore of the Bay of Naples, and about 10 miles from the city. It stands alone on the plains of Campania, upon a base of about thirty miles in circumference.

In its upper portion it divides into two peaks, one of which, called the Somma, attains the height of 3,747 feet above the sea; and the other, known as Vesuvius, reaches an elevation of 3,949 feet, but varies both in height and shape in consequence of the eruptions of the volcano.

Vesuvius is often mentioned by ancient Roman writers without allusion to its volcanic character. The first recorded eruption occurred in August, A. D. 79, and it was during this that the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried beneath the ashes.

The materials ejected from the mountain were scorific and ashes alone, the quantities of which exceeded its own bulk; and in the occasional eruptions which succeeded these, were the only volcanic products until the year 1066, when the first flow of lava occurred. The total number of its great eruptions, down to the present time, has been about sixty, and some of them have been remarkable for the vast movements taking place in a short time. Between the years 1306 and 1651 no eruption occurred, except a slight one in 1590. But throughout this period Etna was in a state of unusual activity, and this, perhaps, gave vent to elastic vapors and lava that would otherwise have found a passage through the craters of Vesuvius.

The eruption in 1631 was accompanied with great currents of lava, which flowed over most of the villages at the base of the mountain, and at the same time torrents of boiling water were sent forth.

The eruption of 1770 is described as among the grandest and most terrible of these phenomena. White sulphurous smoke, like heaps of cotton, rose up four times as high as the volcano, and spread about to a proportional extent.

In June, 1794, occurred a terrible eruption which destroyed the town of Torre del Greco. A single stream of lava was estimated by BREUSL as containing more than 46,000 cubic feet. The eruption of 1822 broke up the whole top of the mountain and formed an elliptical chasm about three miles in circumference, and supposed to be 2,000 feet deep. In May, 1855, the floods of lava destroyed the village of Cercolo.

An eruption of great violence occurred in December, 1851. The disturbances commenced on Sunday morning, the 8th, in tremblings of the ground. In the afternoon a large opening was made in the ground a little above Torre del Greco, about half way up the mountain, which was soon followed by others, from all of which proceeded terrific explosions and jets of flame. Streams of lava poured forth, and on the morning of the 9th, were flowing in a current half a mile broad. The explosions like the sound of heavy artillery, continued till toward evening, and at night were succeeded by the most brilliant display of electric lights, forked lightning and columns of fire and smoke continually rising from the crater. The convulsions continued for several days, even up to January 1, 1862, the trembling of the earth had not ceased. The effect of this eruption was to materially alter the shape of Vesuvius, deepening the old crater and forming several new ones.

The nature of the present eruption remains to be determined; but it is thought it will be one of considerable violence. The base of the new cone is now covered with lava, which is flowing down the sides of the mountain in a stream of villages at the foot of the mountain, the inhabitants of which are prepared for flight at the first appearance of danger.

—It is estimated that North Carolina has spent \$10,000,000 for fencing in \$2,000,000 worth of stock.

—The exportation of American fruit has increased in value from \$200,000 in 1862, to over \$2,000,000 in 1877.

—The country pays \$100,000,000 annually as the price of sugar we use.

Wanted to be Interviewed.

He walked into the office with an air of grandeur and importance scarcely commensurate with his general untidy, unclean and unkempt appearance. He might have been a tramp, but the probabilities were that he was only a boarder from the Hay Bank hotel, of Commercial street wharf, on a short rural excursion for the benefit of his declining health.

"I've arroyen," he rasped.

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothin' pertick'lar; only I thought you might want to see me. So I dropped around to save you the trouble o' hunting me up."

"Why should we want to hunt you up?"

"Why? Well, your the wust I ever saw. Why, to interview me, of course!"

"To interview you? What do we want to interview you for? What do you know?"

"I reckon I am 'bout as well posted ez the general run o' terriers you interview."

"We don't know where to begin."

"You don't? S'pose Gen'l Grant should skip along out here, what'd you ask him? Er how'd you tackle Beecher, s'pos'n you was to give him the grand talk? Er King Calico, er the Chinese Embassy, er the Tullis gang, er any rascals o' note and consequence? How'd you begin on them?"

"We'd question them on those subjects with which they are most familiar, of course."

"Well, let me see; maybe you could pump me on finance. Try."

"Are you familiar with the financial question?"

"Familiar enough, of bein' on speakin' terms is familiar. But, to tell you the truth, finance an' me never did get along together very well, though we never disagreed when I could git a fair holt."

"What do you think of the present state of the finances throughout the country?"

"Now look here, Mister, please don't press me so hard. The finances is all right of the financiers would only let 'em alone. What we need is a circulation 'mejin, an' how're we goin' to hev a circulation 'mejin if it don't circulate? What good's money in the bank do? Fur instance: You've got two bits in your pocket, what good is it doin' there? No good. All right. Now, s'pose—I'm only s'posin', you understand—you should convey the idle capital to me and I transfer it to the five cent beer man, and he pays it over to the brewery proprietor, and the brewery man pays it over to you for subscription. You get your money back less the wear and the tear, and it hez circulated and done good an' lifted a single soul at least from the pit of despair to the gallery of bliss in the theatre of life."

His tones were almost eloquent, and his stolid eyes almost flashed as he caught this last sentiment on the fly.

"What do you think of communism?"

"Communism! Now you've got me where I live. You've tumbled to my gentle racket, an' sent her in with a twist. It's a line shot, a ten strike, an' the las' roll your alley. If you'd called it Kearneyism I'd a dodged the issue; if you'd called it Butlerism I'd a backed water. But you pooled the issues and called the turn for Communism. Communism is good. Division is the price of Liberty. What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own. Capital's a fraud, and the greatest good to the greatest number is the hinge the times swings on. The greatest number is us Communists. The greatest good that can be bestowed on us is capital. Give us capital, an' we'll run the universe. I'm a Communist from the word go. Anything else you war't to know?"

"No, not to-day. The valuable information you have already vouchsafed is sufficient for the day thereof."

"Ain't you goin' to say nuthin'?"

"Haven't we said enough?"

"Skeercedly."

"What more do you want?"

"Didn't I say something about circulation 'mejims?"

"I believe you did."

"Did I mention any pertick'ler 'mejin?"

"You did—two bits."

"Well, if you think my reasonin' was sound, I should be pleased to illustrate in a practical manner. I would circulate."

His cool proposition was so sublimely impudent that the quarter was immediately forthcoming; and the last view we obtained of the "interviewed" he was "circulating" around the corner to "circulate" the "mejin" in a five cent beer hall.

Mr. Babbitt's Hair.

In estimating the value of the repairs and alterations which art puts upon aged man, there is an irreconcilable difference of opinion between the old and the young. There is Mr. Babbitt, of Barrington, Me., who has reaped the ripe wisdom of 63 years. That wise old man maintains that neither hair, teeth, nor limbs ought to be permanent fixtures. Mr. Babbitt wears a wig, a complete set of false teeth, and a cork leg, and instead of trying to deny their artificiality, he constantly testifies to their superiority to the hair, teeth, and legs, with which he was originally fitted out. In hot weather he sincerely pities the young who cannot take off their hair. When one of his teeth is out of order, he sends the whole set to

the dentist by a special messenger, and when they are returned in a perfect state of repair, he triumphantly asks his younger acquaintances who undergo grinding torments in the dentist's chair, if they do not wish they too had removable teeth. In the mosquito season, when his neighbors have to constantly wear heavy boots to protect their ankles, Mr. Babbitt will take off his cork leg, and placing it on the table will chuckle as he watches the deceived mosquitoes swarming upon it, and neglecting all other legs to prey upon that fair, false calf. Mr. Babbitt even pities other elderly men who wear their own hair in a gray or white condition, and insists that his raven locks are far more beautiful than any natural hair. Altogether he is as frank and cheerful as he is wise, and his only fault—if he has one—is to forget his hair and to leave it lying about in inappropriate places. It was through this inexcusable forgetfulness that Mr. Babbitt became the cause of the tragedy in the Bangor and Boston sleeping-car last April, the mere recollection of which causes the average Barrington citizen to turn pale and shudder. The sleeping-car was full, and the stove was, of course, extremely hot, although it was a warm night. Mr. Babbitt had noticed among his fellow passengers a lady of indefinite age, but of much personal beauty. Her hair was especially ravishing. It was of a golden yellow, banged in front, scolloped on the edges, and heaped up on the top of her head in great four-ply braids fastened together by gilt safety-pins with large black beads, and sprinkled with flowers and ribbons. In fact it was simply gorgeous, and for once Mr. Babbitt began to doubt whether nature could not when she gave her whole mind to it, manufacture hair superior to that of the best wig-maker. The golden-haired lady occupied berth No. 22, and Mr. Babbitt felt a vague and unreasonable pleasure when he remembered that his berth was No. 23. In course of time the beds were made and the passengers withdrew to their couches to sleep, perchance to snore. Mr. Babbitt as usual, took off his hair and laid it by the side of his pillow, but with a view to possible railway accidents, thought it best to keep his teeth and leg at their respective posts of duty. The heat and the noise made it impossible for him to sleep, so that, just before daylight arrived, he arose and went to the rear platform in search of air. When he had nearly reached the door, he remembered that he had forgotten his hair, so he went back to his berth, and putting his hand under the curtain grasped his wig adjusted it carefully and went out of the door. One by one the passengers woke up and climbed out of their berths. The train was due at Boston at 7 A. M., and a little before that hour, Mr. Babbitt re-entered the car. He had scarcely closed the door behind him when an infuriated lady in a badly-fitting black, masculine wig rushed at him and denounced him as a heartless villain and an atrocious thief. His astonishment was naturally very great, but with much dignity he pushed on, intending to enter the next car and so escape the supposed lunatic. The enthusiasm of the other passengers, which immediately manifested itself in cheers, yells and efforts to tie down and die in strong laughter, convinced him that something was the matter. A casual glance in the mirror apprised him that he was wearing the yellow hair which he had so much admired the previous evening. His apologies and explanations were not accepted by the angry lady, but a committee of passengers finally arranged a compromise. In accordance with which Mr. Babbitt and the lady concealed themselves behind the curtains of contiguous berths while the committee effected an exchange of hair. It was certainly a very terrible affair, but if it effectually warns Mr. Babbitt never to leave his hair on his pillow or anywhere else except on his head, it will prove a blessing in disguise.

Be Careful of the Sick.

Tact and skill in preparing palatable and proper nourishment for the sick is an art which deserves cultivation. Where appetite is to be coaxed, variety and daintiness will go far towards accomplishing this end which is sometimes of as much importance as the physician's prescriptions, and the point to which they often tend. A person who is not particularly fastidious in health, will be likely to become more so by sickness, and even they turn in disgust from lukewarm tea in a cracked cup and all refreshments of a

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SUMMER'S DONE.

Thinner the leaves of the larches above,
Motionless held in the languid air;
Fainter by waysides the sweet briars grow,
Wild blooms laying their gold hearts bare,
Languishing one by one,
Summer is almost gone.

Deeper hues roses have long since died,
Silent the birds through the white mist fly;
Down of the thistles, by hot suns dried,
Covers with pale fleeces vines growing high;
Little brooks calmer run,
Summer is almost done.

Later the flush of the sunsets sweeps,
Shortening the reign of the slow coming day;
Earlier shade of the twilight creeps;
Over the shadows skimming away;
Crickets their notes have begun,
Summer is almost gone.

Darkened to mourning the sad colored beech;
Empty the nests in its purple boughs lie;
Something elusive we no longer reach
Deepens the glory of days going by;
Aftermath left in the sun;
Summer is almost done.

Child! why regret that the summer must go?
Sweet lies the aftermath lies in the sun;
Lives that are earnest more beautiful grow
Out of a childhood in beauty begun;
Harvest of gold can be won
Only when summer is done.

The Twin Bracelets.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton. Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I shall not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose my love and my respect, but the money will still be yours."

"The quick, indignant flush upon Hilton's face, the sudden earnestness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words. Truly, with his frank, brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow, he looked little like a man to be bribed; but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections. When he spoke, his voice was low and his tone pleading.

"Do you mean, Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman who is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?"

"Only that she is the loveliest, noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you—"

"Yes, yes; but I mean, what do you know of her family?"

"Only what she told me herself, that her mother died of poverty, after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began to give work to Ada's mother. When she died, Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home; and after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name?"

"Smith."

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of deep disgust. "Well, marry her, if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here;" and, with a sudden fierceness, he added, "I want no woman here, to remind me of a past I hoped I had forgotten."

Never in all his recollection of his grave, quiet uncle had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed, and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, "a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before passed my lips to any living being. I have a wife somewhere, and a child, it may be."

Utter astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It is all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I was past forty years old, I fell in love. Fell in love for I was fairly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had travelled extensively, been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, commanding great wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful."

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the love-light of her large eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were married, travelled two years in Europe, and then returned here to this house, and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what I could spare from Myra, I gave to Baby Anna. We were very popular being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were travelling, all in all to each other, there was sleep in my heart a demon which stirred to life when we returned. I was a fool, a mad, jealous fool—for I saw a sensitive woman to contempt of my opinion, defiance of my unworthy suspicions. Now I can see that Myra was not filling her proper place in society as hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudgingly any other man a pleasant look or a cheery word. I cannot tell you now of every scene

that turned her love for me to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often sullen and defiant. Finally she left me!"

"Left you?"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note on my table, telling me Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarrelling and reproach. She had taken her child, and would never return to me."

"Did she not go to relatives?"

"She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad, and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but they denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. I never found wife or child."

"Yet you think they live?"

"I cannot tell. I remained here for five years, and then, as you knew, went to see my only sister, dying of consumption."

"And to become my second father?"

"Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heartbroken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life-history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, travelled with you, made you my one interest in life. You filled my empty house and heart, for I loved you, Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby-daughter, whose childhood is a closed, sealed book to me."

"But now, Uncle George—can nothing be done now?"

"We have been here three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now! If in the future you ever know of my wife or child, I trust her to your care and generosity."

"It seemed as if, in the excitement of his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation that had immediately suggested it. He rose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp, and a locket."

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had this bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, our little darling, then but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes. You see how beautiful she was."

"See more than that!" said Hilton; "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me a little hour to see if—"

"If what?"

"Only one hour—I will be back then."

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement. But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock till the hour should be over. He walked up and down, he tried to read, he lived over and again that past, whose remotest memories had been so vividly recalled. With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of the wild, fierce love that had been his curse.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable, as became my years and position?" he asked himself, bitterly. "Why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society, and respected all its requirements? I lived an idle life—Myra the actual one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only thirty minutes gone, and it seems a day since he was here!"

But even before the hour was over, Hilton returned. In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing-room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"To procure this," Hilton answered, gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate of the bracelet upon the table. The same braid of sunny brown hair, with here and there some of raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering, too—Myra and George twined together with fantastic scrolls and twists. For several moments there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked, "Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, "but surely, in heaven she has forgiven you! She never of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! You know my child?"

"I know and love her. Did you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willet rescued from poverty, and adopted for her own, is my cousin, and your daughter?"

"Ada Smith?"

"Smith was the name her mother thought most probably would best conceal her identity, and Ada was the name

of Mrs. Willet's only child, who died in infancy."

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice. And as he spoke, the door Hilton had left ajar opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

"Anna!" he said, softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter? It must, for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray, as I have, but lives in perpetual youth. My child, I once wronged your mother, but I have sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me?"

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs as she said, "My dear father."

That was all; but as George Hilton folded his child in his arms, he knew that he was forgiven, and for him at last there might be happiness in making others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced at once over her own loss and her adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have left her to be Hilton's wife, and, after all, they would still be neighbors.

But she would not give her up until after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

Having It Hot.

My neighbor, Cooley, suffered a good deal last winter from rheumatism in his breast, and his wife was badly frightened about it for fear it would end in consumption. Cooley could not be induced to try any remedy for this trouble, and Mrs. Cooley was nearly worried to death about it. At last she determined to try strategy. She made up a dry mustard plaster, and one night while he was asleep she sewed it on to the inside of his undershirt, so that it would just about cover the rheumatic place. Cooley dressed himself in the morning, wholly unsuspecting of the plaster, and went down stairs. At the breakfast table, while he was talking to his wife, he suddenly stopped, looking cross-eyed, and a spasm of pain passed over his face. Then he took up the thread of the conversation again, and went on. He was in the midst of an explanation of the political situation in Ohio, when all at once he ceased again, grew red in the face, and exclaimed:

"I wonder what in the—no, it can't be anything wrong."

Mrs. Cooley asked what was the matter, and Cooley said:

"Oh, it's that infernal old rheumatism again, come back awful. But I never felt it exactly the same way before; it kinder stings me."

Mrs. Cooley said she was sorry.

Then Mr. Cooley began again, and was just showing her how the ravages of the potato bugs in the East, and the grasshoppers in the West would affect the political result next fall by making the people discontented, and so likely to strike at the party in power, when he suddenly dropped the subject and jumping up, said:

"Thunder and lightning, what was that? Ouch! Ouch! I feel it! I feel it! I had a shovel full of hot coals inside my undershirt!"

"Must be that rheumatism, getting worse," said Mrs. Cooley, sympathetically.

"Oh! gracious no! It's something worse than rheumatism. Feels like fire burning into my skin. Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! It's awful! I really can't stand it another minute! I believe it's cholera or something, and I'm going to die!"

"Do try to be calm, Mr. Cooley."

"Calm! How can a man be calm with a volcano boiling over under his shirt? G'way from here! Get out of my way, quick, while I go up stairs to undress. Murder—r-r-r-r-r! It hurts. Let me get out quick."

Then he rushed up to the bedroom and stripped off his clothing. His chest was the color of a boiled lobster, but he couldn't tell for the life of him what was the matter. Then his eyes rested on something white on his undershirt. He picked up the garment and examined it. Ten minutes later he came slowly down stairs with a dry mustard plaster in his hand, while his brow was clothed with thunder.

Going up to Mrs. Cooley he Cooley shook the plaster under her nose, and said in a suppressed voice:

"Did you put that thing in my undershirt?"

"I did it for the best, Charles," she said, "I thought—"

"Oh never mind what you thought, you crooked-nosed, chuckle-headed old idiot! Never mind what you thought. You've taken the bark clean off my bosom till I'm as raw as a sardine steak, and I'll probably never be well again as long as I live. That lets you out. You play any more tricks on me, and I'll hit you into the coal bin and keep you there till you starve to death."

Then he slammed the door and went out. Mrs. Cooley doesn't know to this day exactly what effect the grasshoppers are going to have on the fall elections.

"There are on the earth's surface 147,000 square miles of water to 49,000 square miles of land."

Mental pleasures never cloy. Unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, improved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

A Hyena's Memory.

A desperate struggle recently took place in the carnivora house at the Fair grounds at St. Louis between a striped female hyena lately purchased, and a large spotted hyena occupying with its mate one of the cages. The fight was a bloody one and the striped animal received injuries which caused its death in a few hours, despite the brave efforts to rescue it from its assailant made by Winners, one of the keepers at the fair grounds. He boldly entered the cage when the animals were fighting and wounded the spotted animal upon the head with a club, until it was stunned and its victim released. Recently the spotted hyena had since revenge.

Since the fight in June, the spotted hyena with another of the same species, has occupied a cage in the carnivora house, between a lion's cage and one appropriated to the leopards.

Winners has attended to the animals, as usual, and the hyena's have, since relieved of their objectionable striped associate, seemed as tractable as hyenas ever get, which is nothing to speak of.

Recently a few people, including a couple of ladies, were gathered about the carnivora house looking at the animals, when Winners, the keeper, chanced to pass along between the railing and the cages. He is familiar with the animals and the ferocious beasts seem to entertain a sort of friendship for him. As he passed along he patted the leopard on the head, and the beast seemed rather to like the attention. Then he came to the hyenas' cage. The big spotted brute lay close to the bar, and its mate was a little ways off. Winners carefully as he passed reached out his hand and patted the hyena as he had the leopard. It was a cruel mistake. The ugly brute awaiting his opportunity for months, saw it at last, and quick as lightning, caught the kindly hand in his mouth, sinking its fangs into it deeply. There was a frightful struggle. The man sought to tear his hand away, and at the same instant, with a growl, the other hyena sprang to the assistance of its mate. For a moment it seemed as though Winners would have his entire arm drawn in through the bars, but with a supreme effort he wrenched himself away a cripple. The strong jaws of the hyena had not loosened their grip, and the left portion of the right hand was torn away as the man released himself, the bones and sinews parting like thread in the grip of the ugly brute, who drew back yelling with his bloody mouthful.

The ladies who witnessed the terrible scene were to be pitied, one of them almost fainting at the time, and being ill from the effect of the sight even after getting into a street car. Assistance was promptly summoned, and Winners was conveyed to a physician, who bound up the mangled stump, the man suffering excruciating pain from his injuries. He will, of course be crippled by the occurrence. The men who carried him to a physician came back pallid as specters.

Winners has been long engaged as a keeper of animals, and is understood to have been once seriously hurt by a lion in his charge. His brother, also a keeper at the grounds, reproached him recently with his carelessness, saying that one so experienced should have known better than to trust a hyena, but the wounded man did not consider himself much to be blamed. The hyenas, after the occurrence dashed about like mad things. They shrieked continually, and the other animals joined in, making the gardens resound for quite a time with the ugliest of choruses.

The Grim Engineer.

A locomotive engineer from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was in Detroit lately on a brief visit to his sister. In some way or other a new reporter on one of the daily papers ran across the man and appointed an interview, in order to secure the engineer's adventures during the "late war."

The brother of the footboard was willing to tell his story, and without stopping to take on wood or water he rang the bell and began:

"I ran the last passenger train over the road—the last train allowed to pass by the strikers. All the train officials were heavily armed, many of the passengers carried revolvers, and we were all ready for a muss. We expected that the strikers would displace a rail, let us through a bridge, or switch us into some gravel pit, and just before we left the station I kissed my wife and told her where she would find the sum of \$35,000 which I had buried in the garden."

"Possible!" gasped the new reporter, as he made a note of it.

"And my fireman, feeling certain that he would not live two hours longer, confessed to me that he was the abductor of Charlie Ross, and that he once murdered a man in Missouri."

The reporter made his pencil fly for a minute, and when he let up his notebook real:

"Great Heavens—* * *—coolly confessed—\$35,000—Charlie Ross—!!!—murdered seventeen men—name of the fireman Tom Collins—!!!—more coming—* * *—!!!"

"And the conductor of the train," continued the engineer, "also prepared for death. He returned to the company \$2,538,644.13 which he had knocked down during his connection with the road, and humbly asked forgiveness. He was much troubled to think he had invested his share of the plunder in founding an orphan asylum and could not restore it to the road. He owned

up to having killed an old woman or two, but I forget their names, or whether they struggled very hard when he was choking them."

"The pale-faced reporter wrote again, and his note-book read:

"Further horrors—* * *—conductor stricken with remorse—!!! restores money—owns up to murders—sees the ghosts of his victims around him—!!! biggest item ever published in a Detroit paper—* * *—scoop the Detroit Free Press stone blind—!!!"

"Well, we finally pulled out," said the grim engineer, as he wiped his big heated brow on the back of his hand. "I had a Derringer on one side of me, a revolver on the other, a bowie knife down behind my coat collar, and a big musket loaded with one hundred and seventeen buck-shot was strapped on my back. The fireman had four revolvers and six one-pound cans of nitro-glycerine. We meant to give them the best we had, you see."

The reporter wrote:

"Revolvers—musket—Derringers—nitro-glycerine—all ready—brave as lions, but modest as school girls. The plot thickens—full particulars in this issue—no other Detroit paper has a line of it."

"We lit out at a speed of forty miles an hour," the engineer went on, "for I reasoned that we might as well go down with flying colors as to crawl like a snail. We whizzed through cuts dashed past farm houses, and across highways, and everything was running finely, when far ahead, in the deep gloom of the headlight I saw a man on the track. The moment had come."

"See," whispered the reporter, as he seized his pencil again—"rails torn up—flocks waiting to wash their hands in blood—horrible massacre of innocent—* * *—devils—!!!—!!!"

"I should have put on all steam and dashed ahead," resumed the engineer, "but the fireman entreated me to give him time to confess that he had been hiding the Bender family in his front bedroom, and I slowed down till the train stopped just where I had seen the crowd. Only one man was now visible."

"The rest were in ambush!" exclaimed the reporter.

"I guess so. This one man approached. Had he something in his hand?"

"Yes, he did—a hand grenade—a bombshell!" shouted the listener.

"He came closer and closer, walking like a man who means murder."

"Hold on!" shouted the reporter, and he wrote:

"Dark figure came nearer—nearer—nearer—skulking—sliding—murderous purpose displayed in every move—full account in this paper—newspaper enterprise will tell!—!!—chance for

The Queenly and accomplished Mrs. Helen Woodward is spending a few weeks with her relatives in town.

Miss Annie Wily, one of Jacksonville's fairest daughters has just returned from a long visit to North Carolina.

See double column advertisement of W. W. Nesbit, the old reliable Tinner and Dealer in Stoves. He has most perfect arrangements for getting stoves at low rates, and he says if anybody can under-rell him he will give the party a stove on call. His tin work is far-famed. He will not let shoddy work go from his shop. Call on him before you buy a stove. He came from Stovestown, a moved here.

CASH VS. CREDIT.—W. C. Land & Co., merchants of W. C. Land & Co., a general mercantile place, commenced years ago on a strictly cash basis, during which time they secured a reputation for great security of money and business depression. They were advised by friends that they could not sustain themselves on an entire cash system, but the energy of the firm triumphed over every obstacle; and their immense and varied stock of goods, at low prices, proves to a discerning public that it is better to do a cash than a credit business. The firm made a small beginning and had a hard struggle, but it has increased until it now ranks among the best retail houses to be found in any interior town. All merchants advise customers it is better to pay cash. If people will go to their merchants here with the cash, they can get as good bargains, in retail purchases, as in any of the cities.

Mr. C. W. Brown is our authorized agent to travel and collect subscriptions for the REPUBLICAN. Subscribers are earnestly requested to be ready to settle when he calls.

The firm of Mr. Jno. A. Dearman, in the suburbs of Jacksonville, which has been advertised through the Real Estate Agency of L. W. Grant, has been sold to Mr. Joseph Nolen for \$1250. Mr. Dearman will start for Texas the 1st of January next.

MARRIED.—On the 3d inst. at the residence of the bride's father, by W. J. Scott, Esq., Mr. Jas. Ray of Carroll county, Ga., and Miss Amanda Dale.

MARRIED.—On the 7th inst. at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Thos. Keer, Mr. James McFarland, and Miss Maggie Ward.

Also, at the same time and place, by the same minister, Mr. William Napper and Miss Sallie Ward—all of this county.

Dr. W. C. Bellamy of this place, together with his family, will go this week to Atlanta to spend the winter. They will be much missed in the social life of Jacksonville. Dr. Bellamy is an accomplished writer, and will favor us with correspondence, with letters for which he corresponds, with letters from the capital city of Georgia.

See notice of Mr. E. L. Woodward, headed "look here." He earnestly desires all men who owe him to come forward and settle.

See administrator's notice of Mr. W. J. Scott. Last week his name did not appear to the notice.

Among the list of premiums taken will be seen one by Mr. Jno. F. Davis, for the best buggy. We were particularly struck with the elegant finish of the buggy when we first saw it on the streets, and were surprised to learn that it was of Calhoun make. In appearance it equals Northern work of the best quality. Messrs Davis are turning out buggies rapidly; and those who need an article of the kind, would do well to consult them.

Miss Josie Duimer, of Fayetteville Tenn., a gentle and lovable young lady, who has been spending the summer with relatives in Jacksonville, returned to her home Friday.

The Pelham Rifles went to Talladega Thursday.

Prof. A. E. Goodhue, of Oxford, now travelling for the People's Mutual Relief Association, of Mobile, gave us a pleasant call last week.

Thanks to Mr. C. H. Menz, of O. hatches, for a fine mess of freshly caught fish.

We have been compelled to decline some local communications last week and this, not for want of merit in the articles, but for want of space. We shall always be glad to hear from those gentlemen who write them.

Look Here!

All those indebted to me are earnestly requested to make payment. Do, by all means attend to this matter now, as "delays are dangerous." I am unable to go over the country to see you, night, days gone by, but you can, think of your duty in the matter, and discharge that duty, so as to have a clean conscience. I furnished you with goods at fair prices, have waited patiently for the money, and now, when necessity calls for payment, surely you will heed to the call. Please pay all now if you can; but if you cannot pay all at present do not detain to pay some promptly, and the balance as soon as circumstances will permit. Please call at my office and see me, Respectfully,

E. L. WOODWARD.

FOR SALE!

One saddle and buggy horse; No. one under the saddle and a fair trotter in the buggy. One warranted buggy, one good cow, now giving milk. Apply at this office.

ED. G. CALDWELL.

(At the old Forney Corn.) Has on hand the best brands of... ing and Smoking TOBACCO (Chew the popular Swanson's), including the celebrated Durham Sweet and GARS in Town. Also, a large stock of... you will find the following brands... Standard and the... favorite Tidal Wave.

Chocolate... Chow, Boston, and Imported Chow... Canned Goods, Beans, Salmon &... in great variety at... ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Cheap Groceries for Cash at the old Forney Corner. Fresh Meat at... ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH at... ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

To buy one of those fine Pies of the Towers patent at... ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new Tin ware at... ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosene oil at... ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1.00 at... ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1.00 at... ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers' prices at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 5 pounds of good COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at... ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

ARE YOU GOING TO TRAVEL? Go to A. MEYERS & CO. Crow's Block corner, and get your trunks, Valises and complete outfit. Also, you can get fine Boots at \$1.50 up, Linen Bosom Shirts, 65 cents; besides the finest assortment in Baltimore Shoes, Corsets, Kid Gloves, Chenille Shawls, Ladies' Silk Ties, and new Styles of Peach Water-tights. Come and examine A. MEYERS & CO.'S CHEAP CASH STORE.

WONDERFUL! You ought to take a peep at A. MEYERS & CO.'S large Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, and all kinds of Fancy articles, and you will be left in a frame of intense wonderment. The quantity of their Goods, quality, beauty, Style and cheapness would astonish you. The question is often asked: How can A. MEYERS & CO. bring such a fine Stock of Goods all the way from NEW YORK, and sell them for so little money in Jacksonville? The question is fully answered, when it is known they buy with so much care and judgment, and in such "large" quantities. We can recommend the public to this Store for Good Goods, and Cheap Goods. The Firm has most excellent and recommended Clerks, and it is with great pleasure that we call on all who patronize their Mammoth Emporium.

A GREAT BARGAIN! offered by... W. P. & ED. L. PARKIN

Anything in the Grocery Line and house-furnishing Goods offered at ten per cent lower than...

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. We are constantly receiving some-

thing fresh and nice, such as Fresh Oysters, Pork Sausages, Cold fish, finest Cream Cheese, Soda Herrings, Apples on Crackers, Sweet Corn, Raisins, Nuts of all kinds, Sweet Chlorine Eggs, Canned goods, in a great variety. It is to your interest to call and see us, for we are determined to...

Please Our Customers. It would surprise you to price our house-furnishing goods; they are extremely low, for we will sell you a good bucket for 25 cents, tubs the best made, from 25 to one dollar and seventy five cents, Marshall's best axes, guaranteed, \$1, a handsome Porcelain bottom Lamp, complete for 75 cents; a handsome set of Glass ware, for 75 cents; a set of Goblets and tumblers for 40 cts, Tin ware exceedingly low, 12 inch 1/2 gal of tobacco for 12 cts.

THE BEST GOODS will win; therefore we keep only the best. Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Soda, Pepper, Spice, Tea, Soap, Starch, Kerosene oil, try them and be convinced.

HEAD QUARTERS. For Tobacco, Beans, Second hand No. 8 Store four joints, pipe and all complete for 7 dollars.

Lost—A silver mounted five shaver pistol—renewed handle with a piece of broken. Two dollars reward for its return. Apply to W. P. LAR, Marshal.

An Undeniable Truth.

You deserve to suffer, and if you lead a miserable, unsatisfactory life in this beautiful world, it is entirely your own fault; and there is only one excuse for you—your unreasonable prejudice and skepticism, which has killed thousands. Personal knowledge and common sense reasoning will soon show you that Green's August Flower will cure you of Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all its miserable effects, such as sick headache, palpitation of the heart, sour stomach, habitual constiveness, dizziness of the head, nervous prostration, low spirits, &c. Its sales now reach every town on the Western Continent and not a Druggist but will tell you of its wonderful cures. You can buy a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will relieve you. For sale by W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville, Ala.

Save Your Child's Life! By giving Dr. Mowbray's Teething (Teething Powders). TEETHING. These Powders regulate the bowels and make Teething easy. Cures Cholera Infantum and Summer Complaints of Children, Head Eruptions and Sores, Itchiness and Pimples on the Face. Anodyne only soothes. Teething cures the child.

For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville, Ala., and all Druggists keep it.

Relief at Last! From Cholera Infantum and Summer Complaints. Dr. Mowbray's Teething (Teething Powders) regulates the bowels and makes Teething easy. Cures Cholera Infantum and Summer Complaints of Children, Head Eruptions and Sores, Itchiness and Pimples on the Face. Anodyne only soothes. Teething cures the child.

For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville, Ala., and all Druggists keep it.

At Athens, Ga., December 8, 1877. A few nights since I gave my son one dose of Worm Oil and the next day he passed 16 large worms. At the same time I gave one dose to my little girl, 3 years old, and she passed 86 worms from 4 to 10 inches long.

W. F. PHILLIPS. For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville, Ala., and all Druggists keep it.

At Athens, Ga., February 22, 1878. I am a child, five years old, had symptoms of worms. I tried calomel and other worm medicines, but failed to expel any worms. Seeing Mr. Nisbet's certificate, I got a vial of your Worm Oil, and the first dose brought out four worms, and the second dose brought out many more, and I feel now so much better than I did not count them. S. P. ADAMS.

For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville, Ala., and all Druggists keep it.

Encourage Home Manufacture. Mr. BENTON—I would like a little space in your valuable paper for the sale of our country and the public generally.

I have purchased from Mr. E. G. Morris one of his Turbine Water Wheels, of small size, (29 inches in diameter) for the purpose of running my cotton gin, and have given it a trial, and am much pleased with it. It runs fully up to my highest expectation. By its power I can easily, at the present low state of water, give out 1000 lbs of cotton in twenty-four hours, while I could not get more than 200 lbs in the same length of time with my old wheel under the same circumstances. I find it simple of construction, durable, compact of size and workmanship—runs rapidly with a steady motion, without any little to run it, and is well adapted to the use of the small farmer, and is a great saving of space and money. I would cheerfully recommend all persons needing water-power and in want of a wheel to purchase the Morris Turbine wheel, and keep their money at home, instead of sending it North to further enrich already bloated capitalists.

A. B. WHITE-SIDE. Oct 20—11.

IN CHANCERY.

Bessie A. White, In Chancery at Jacksonville, Ala., vs. Simon Jewell. Nov. 12—1878.

John C. White, Plaintiff, vs. John C. White, Defendant. In Chancery at Jacksonville, Ala., vs. John C. White, Defendant. Nov. 12—1878.

John C. White, Plaintiff, vs. John C. White, Defendant. In Chancery at Jacksonville, Ala., vs. John C. White, Defendant. Nov. 12—1878.

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John C. White, Plaintiff, vs. John C. White, Defendant. In Chancery at Jacksonville, Ala., vs. John C. White, Defendant. Nov. 12—1878.

ADMIN. SALE OF LAND.

Under and by virtue of an order issued by the honorable, the Probate Court of Calhoun county, State of Alabama, the undersigned as administrator of the estate of John W. Wilson, late of said county, deceased, will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder, upon the premises, on Saturday the 7th day of December 1878, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lots No. 20, 21 and 22 of Section 31, and Lot No. 22 of Sec. 33, and Fraction No. 17 of Sec. 35 in Township 12, Range 11; and also the North East 1/4 and Fraction E. and P. of Sec. 18, and North East 1/4 of North East 1/4 of Section 13, Range 11, and 30 acres of bottom land described as bounded on the west by Terrapin creek, on the south by J. J. Wilson's land, and by a sloop running nearly North and South, the East North East 1/4 of Section 10, and being in Sec. 1 of T. 12 of Range 10.

Terms of Sale.—One fourth cash and the remaining three-fourths on a credit of twelve months with interest from date. Note and approved security will be required to secure the unpaid purchase money.—This Nov. 4th 1878.

J. J. WILSON, Administrator.

ADMIN. SALE OF LAND. Under and by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Calhoun county, Ala. The undersigned Admin. of the estate of M. M. Hanna deceased, will proceed to rent upon the premises of decedent on the 20th day of Nov. 1878 the cleared land and premises belonging to said estate, for the year 1879.

Said lands and premises will be rented on a credit of twelve months, note and good security will be required to secure the rent money.

MORRIS H. HANNA, Admin.

Nov. 9—4.

SALE OF LAND.

I will offer for sale at public outcry, to the highest bidder, one-half cash, balance on a credit of 12 months, bearing interest from date, in front of the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., on Monday, the 2nd day of Dec. 1878, the Nelson place 5 miles West of Jacksonville, Ala., Calhoun county, the North East 1/4, running to the top of the mountain to a stake and running with a straight line from one stake to the other, supposed to be 180 acres more or less, of Section 12, Township 14, Range 7, in the cross land District.

J. R. LOVE.

TAX COLLECTOR'S Last Round.

I will attend at the following places, and on the days mentioned below, for the purpose of collecting the State and County Taxes, for the county of Calhoun, Ala., for the year 1878.

Precinct No 8 Green's School house Tuesday Dec. 3 1878.

Precinct No 9 Cross Plains Wednesday Dec. 4.

Precinct No 16 Ladiga Thursday Dec. 5.

Precinct No 10 Rabbit Town Friday Dec. 6.

Precinct No 11 White Plains Saturday Dec. 7.

Precinct No 12 Davisville Tuesday Dec. 10.

Precinct No 13 Oxford Wednesday Dec. 11.

Precinct No 15 Aniston Thursday Dec. 12.

Precinct No 2 June Bug 14 mile about house Friday Dec. 13.

Precinct No 1 Jacksonville Saturday Dec. 14.

Precinct No 4 Ganaway's School house Tuesday Dec. 17.

Precinct No 14 Sulphur Springs Wednesday Dec. 18.

Precinct No 5 Pickville Thursday Dec. 19.

Precinct No 2 Alexandria Friday Dec. 20.

Precinct No 6 Peaks Hill Saturday Dec. 21.

Precinct No 7 Webster's Chapel, Monday Dec. 23 1878.

I will also attend Jacksonville for 5 days at the close of the month of Dec. to-wit: the 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 31st. All taxes will become delinquent on the 1st day of January 1879, and not paid before that day.

JAMES M. WEBSTER, T. C. C. Co.

Nov. 2—11.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF LAND.

Under and by virtue of an order issued by the honorable, the Probate Court of Calhoun county, Alabama, the undersigned as Administrator of the Estate of John W. Wilson, late of said county, deceased, will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder, the following described lands to-wit:

Lots one, seven and eight in section 16 containing eighty acres each—also a part of S W quarter of section 15, beginning at southwest corner, thence north 53° W 160 poles to the half mile stake; thence north 84° E 115 poles to a stake and pointers on east side of mountain at D. J. White's corner, thence south 23° E 160 poles to a stake and pointers on section line there with the Section line, South 82° West, crossing the utility pole 52 poles and 10 links to rock and pointers on the side of the hill to J. Forney's corner; thence South 30° West to a stake and pointers on the line; thence with said line to beginning, including the fine Mendenhall Mills and all appurtenances, also 100 acres in section 15 adjoining the lands of Alfred and Jos. Hoke, and a part of the home tract—all in township 14 and range 8. Also one-half interest in Tan Yard Lot in the Town of Jacksonville, containing one and one-half acres in northeast corner of section 15, township 14, range 8, and in Calhoun county, State of Alabama and adjoining the corporate limits of the town of Jacksonville.

TIME, PLACE OF SALE & TERMS. Said lands and bills will be sold at the mills on Monday the 2nd day of December, 1878, in lots of 80 acres.

Purchasers will be required to pay one-third cash, one third in twelve months thereafter and one third in two years.—Note with two approved securities will be required for the unpaid purchase money.

U. L. STEVENSON, Administrator &c.

NOTICE.

On, or about the 28th of Feb 1859, a Duplicate Land Warrant, No. 32612, was issued to Ellis Scott, for 120 acres, and said Duplicate was duly recorded in the Register and Receiver's office at Centre Ala., on the 20th day of Feb 1861. And that I have made application to the Commissioner of the General Land office for the issue of a duplicate for said warrant, No 32612.

October 2nd 1878.

JAMES KEMP, Kemp's Creek, Ala.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S WORM SPECIFIC OR VERMIFUGE.

Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable; sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach; at others, entirely gone; floating pains in the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hicough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

Not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

Beware of Imitations. The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Trust upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

THE TIMES DEMAND FIRST FOR

Should have your Type and material from us, and then reduce your price on printing. Send stamp for catalogue, and compare prices. Address, National Type Co., 55 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Oct. 12—11.

State you saw the advertisement in this paper.

ADMIN. SALE OF VALUABLE LAND.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Calhoun county Alabama, made on the 7th day of November 1878, The undersigned as administrator of the estate of J. B. Prater deceased, will on Thursday the 6th day of December 1878, at the late residence of said deceased, proceed to sell at public outcry to the highest bidder, the following described land, to-wit:

The North West quarter and the North East quarter of the North East quarter, and East half of South West quarter, and West half of North East quarter, and North West quarter of South East quarter of Section 23, Township 13, Range 9, East in the Cross land District; containing 400 acres More or less.

The Terms of sale will be one-third of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale, and the remaining two-thirds to be paid one year from said date of sale. Notes with approved security and bearing interest from date of sale, will be required to secure the payment of the balance of the purchase money.

W. B. GREEN, Administrator.

Nov. 9—31.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY, Court of Probate.

REPUBLIC

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 2171.

THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

For one year in advance \$2.00

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AUTUMN.

The dying leaves fall fast,
Chestnut, willow, oak and beech.
All brown and withered lie,
Now swirling in the cutting blast.
Now sudden under foot—they teach
That one or all must die.

This autumn of the year
Comes sadly home to my heart,
Whose youthful hopes are dead—
Each love once mine I see depart
As withered leaves and dead.

But is it all decay?
All present loss—no gain remote?
Monotony and pain?
Ah! no! I have a lay
The robin sings. How sweet the note—
A pure, unearthly strain.

And, of all flowers, the first
Beneath these leaves in spring shall bloom
Sweet violets blue and white,
So all lost love shall burst
In springlike beauty, summer glow,
In heaven upon our sight.

John, Junior.

John Basil Ximenes, Greek merchant, of Mining lane, London, was in trouble. Not financial trouble, for the old house stood on a firm foundation, and no one knew this better than Sam Postlethwaite, confidential book keeper of the firm and the trusted friend of the Greek merchant. Therefore, when he saw John Basil in so anxious a mood, he resolved to know and to share his annoyance.

"Master," he said, "you are in trouble. What is it?"

"John, Junior," was the prompt reply. "He takes no interest in the business, and if he comes to the office, he grumbles and blunders till we are glad to see him leave things. You know it is so, Sam."

"John, Junior, wants an object to work for, sir. If he thought the firm was in trouble now, he would be full of energy and interest. No doubt of it, sir."

"He has lost interest in everything—hunting, ratching, shooting, travel—everything is a bore."

"Any lady in the case?"

"There is a governess at Sir Thomas Oakes' I don't like—a tall girl with red hair and a wonderful figure and color."

"Why don't you like her?"

"She is poor; besides, John is to marry Lenora Zeiton. I bought the estate with that view. The two united will make the finest in Middlesex. You can put them together in a ring fence."

"If you have told John this he will never marry her."

"I have said nothing to John yet. Zeiton and I have talked over the matter, but the girl Lenora is yet at school."

"The two men sat thoughtfully a few minutes, and then Sam Postlethwaite made an astounding proposal. "John Basil," he said decidedly, "if you wish to make a man of your son, give up the business to him awhile. You go off to Zante for a year or two and let him feel his feet. Put him in your place. I will see no harm comes either to him or the business. Drop a few hard words about Zeiton before you go; it may help your plans for Lenora." And half an hour's further conversation made the old clerk's plans clear to the father.

That night he said to his son:

"John, there are serious changes in hand. I must go to Zante, and the business in Mining lane will need your severest attention and industry. It is a great charge for a young man, but Sam says I can trust you."

"John rose at once to the occasion—'To be sure you can trust me, father. If the old house of Ximenes is in danger, I will work for it night and day.'"

"John, thank you. You make me very happy and hopeful. If we take things over this year we may not only keep our standing but also add greatly to our influence. And, John, do not let this place run down. I don't want Zeiton to get the better of me in this matter, but don't have anything to do with them—nothing whatever."

John readily promised. The next day his father left for Greece, and he went at once to the front in the daily fight in Mining lane. He was a man sure to fall and weary in small routines, but in whom great trusts developed great resources and untiring energy, and Sam made him believe that the very existence of the house of Ximenes depended upon his personal oversight and influence.

It was about a year after his father's departure for Zante that Sam said one warm evening in June "Mr. John, you had better run down to the country and see after the place. A change will do you good, and now that you have got the better of Zeiton about those olives, there is nothing pressing for a week."

So John went to the country, resolved to lie down and dream under the blossoming lilacs, and throw all care away. He was very carrying out this intention one warm, sunny afternoon, when he heard a little stir of conversation, and the rippling music of girlish laughter. This side of the garden adjoined a little wooded park, through which ran a rapid brook famous for its excellent trout fishing. As it was strictly private ground, he wondered who were the trespassers and quietly moved aside the foliage to look.

The picture that met his view was a very pretty one. Upon a rocky elevation, shaded by a drooping birch, stood a beautiful girl, with a fishing rod in her hand, and at her feet, reclined the splendid-haired woman who had known as governess to the daughter of

Sir Thomas Oakes. She was reading, while her charge whistled the babbling waters with a grace and skill John had never seen equalled.

John looked and wondered and admired. He knew the governess, and had once been half in love with her beauty, but now he thought her hardly worth looking in comparison with her companion. Who could she be? His recent contact with life had taught him to be prompt and self-reliant, and he soon decided that it would be a very agreeable thing for him to join the ladies upon the rocks.

"There was a little wicket further down. He opened it and at once faced the intruders. There was no retreat for them, even if they had wished one, but the governess was glad to see her old admirer. She came to him with outstretched hands, and the little maiden with the fishing rod stood in beautiful and blushing confusion. Then he heard her name—Lenora Zeiton—and for a moment his father's charge ran in his mind, but in the next he had looked in Lenora's face, and forgotten it.

Such a charmed afternoon as that one was! John prolonged it by every possible device. He induced the ladies to come into the garden and eat strawberries; then they rambled through the greenhouses and got lost in the hazel maze, and forgot the hours were flying, till the governess in alarm pointed out her watch, and said there was barely time to reach home before the dinner bell rang.

Without any definite arrangement these pleasant meetings occurred every day for a week. John was so deeply in love by this time that he put Mining lane out of his thoughts altogether. He did not write to Sam, and he hoped that Sam would not write to him at the least for a month. But one morning, just eight days after he had met Lenora, there came that disagreeable blue letter. Sam said: "The must come to London at once; everything was in need of him; there was an important consignment from Greece, and some custom house business which could not be managed without his personal influence."

This summons, in spite of his disappointment, flattered him very much. He let Lenora's governess read it for him, and knew that she would talk about it, and he was quite aware that women admirers who carry great trusts, and are of importance in the world. And the governess, in return for the compliment, was kind that last afternoon to the lovers, so that they found plenty of opportunities to say to each other those few sweet monosyllables that mean so much. In fact, they parted as plighted lovers, and John went back to London with a new sense of his own importance, and a very happy man.

Sam looked at him queerly. "The country has done you a great deal of good, Mr. John," he said.

"Yes, Sam; I think I shall run down every Saturday. I found the gardens rather out of order. I can come back Monday."

"Yes, you can," answered Sam, very doubtfully.

The justice of Sam's "can" was soon proved. John went to the country very punctually Saturday mornings, but Sam had generally to write an urgent letter on Monday or Tuesday to get him back to business again, and at the end of the summer he thought it well to notice this.

"I should think, Mr. John, that the gardens are now in order, and I don't see that you can be spared every week now. Business is very brisk again."

"Sam, I'll work till midnight if you wish, but I must go to the country on Saturday."

"Then, Mr. John, it is not flowers that is taking you?"

"Well, Sam, it is not. It is the love of the world—Lenora Zeiton."

"Mr. John? What ever will your father say? And old Zeiton? You are aware of how ugly he was about that cargo of currants."

Next Saturday John went to the country, but he did not see Lenora. Her father had discovered her engagement and had threatened to send her to a German convent. The governess was full of grief, and could not conceive how Mr. Zeiton had found all out. John remembered Sam—but that was impossible; Sam and old Zeiton hardly spoke civilly to each other; besides, Sam had professed so much sympathy with Lenora and him. It could not be Sam. But he went back sorrowfully to London, and told Sam that Lenora was to be sent away from him.

"I would not stand it, Mr. John," said the old clerk. "I would ask her to marry me, and take her away myself."

"But you say the business can't afford me more than eight hundred pounds a year, Sam?"

"And if you love each other and can not live on eight hundred pounds a year, you don't deserve to live at all. Take a little house in a quiet neighborhood, and ask her to come and share it with you."

Sam's advice just pleased the eager lover. He was for taking it at once, but Sam did not oppose him, though John might have wondered if he had seen the face that followed his footsteps. "The lesson is pretty nearly learned," he muttered. "It takes an old man like me to bring up a young man properly," and the good fellow dipped his pen in his ink with a satisfied chuckle.

John returned in high spirits. Lenora was an angel. She was willing to

be his wife, no matter how humbly they must begin. She was coming to London next day on a visit to her aunt, and would meet him in St. Pancras' church next Saturday morning. He would have a special license by that time, and Sam could be witness.

Sam said of course he could. But Sam had no idea of doing such a thing. He put on his hat soon after and went to Alexander Zeiton's office. The two men did not meet like those who have a chronic quarrel about consignments, but like old friends. They clasped hands and went together into an inner room, from which soon came sounds of pleasant good fellowship. Then Sam telegraphed to John Basil Ximenes in Zante thus:

"Send for John, Jun., immediately!"

After this piece of business, Sam was very busy all day and night, and John with the groom and duster, Betty washing and rinsing the "greens," and the baby with her hands in. Alas, how smilingly and innocently mortals stand on the very brink of a precipice. It is wisely ordered, for, as Pat would say, if we knew just what we were going to do, maybe we wouldn't do it. The finishing water was forming new channels inside Betty's sleeve to her elbow, likewise the length of the table to the floor; the time had arrived for the petite princess' crowning act, when came an ominous thud, thud, thud, on the kitchen door. "Come in," called Betty from the midst of her plight, and he came. A man with a fatherly collar, a banged hat, a perpetual smile, and a big, square, cherry-colored portfolio. He bowed to the girl and to Betty, and to the cupboard door and to the baby. He slid through, took a chair in the sitting-room, removed his banged hat, and invited the family in. He turned his ring over—set on the top—and twisted his moustache with his little finger. Thus in moments of supreme concern he trifles impresses himself on the mind. He hopped around sideways in his chair, undid the hasp of the cherry-colored case with a prompt bustle-like snap, and began: "Something here I must show you." Couldn't possibly by anything to-day, Betty hurried to explain, as she dried her soaked hands on her apron. "A paper I am getting subscribers for; every man and woman in the village have put their names down as I am sure you will," and he shook out a dirty looking quarto and spread it on the carpet. "Look at the size of it, a perfect marvel of economy, semi-weekly, only fifty cents a year, all the news of the day, a fashion page, an agricultural editor; notice that beautiful plate, Cotswold sheep, here is a Sunday-school column, and a youth's corner, and a seat of war correspondent, and a puzzle page, and a sanitary department—'I couldn't possibly'—strangled Betty, unsuccessfully, and a paper pattern with every number, and a set of silver spoons at the end of the first six months, with the family name on, or a corn-sheller, or a French horn, whichever you choose. Look at this lovely cut of the Prodigal Son; he has brought his old father home the present of a fat calf—this is the calf on this side; and in addition to all this unprecedented array and because it is hard times and we live only for the good of the public, witness this pair of cherries." Here he opened wide the cherry case and stood it up, winking down over this climax of all gifts, his shoulders lifted, and his limbs arms hanging, much more resembling the eagle on the new dollar. "You see this beautiful child, running down hill, her hair streaming in the wind, from an original painting by West. Here you have a cross, 'wreathed with flowers,' the picture from which this is copied took the first mention at the World's Fair. You see?" Betty saw a rose, wider across than the standard, and a grape leaf and a cherry on the same stem. "I couldn't possibly—" she screamed desperately. "No matter if you haven't the money I'll call again this evening," and he skipped around among his traps like a pet lamb in a pogy bed. "You neglected to notice these recipes—no continued stories—Lince Linwood and Kitty Carson, and all noted authors of both hemispheres write exclusively for it! Surely you wouldn't be the only woman in Pestown getting along without the Fireside Illuminator. And these remarkable offers these cherries—semi-weekly—only fifty cents a year."

Time passed on. Alice Mabel had gone to sleep in her high chair with her head on a heap of wilted cowslips; the girl had gone to ask Miss Simmons how long it took to cook greens; the boy had left the pork in a wad on the kitchen table, but alas! and ah me, the chrono man wasn't down on the list. When you make out a programme always leave a space labeled "Incidentals."

Betty looked at the clock, so did the chrono man, who caught his breath and hastened to remark: "I always stop in the rural districts when noon overtakes me, and where I have dinner I sell the paper, and the cherries, and the spoons and all for twenty-five cents, paid in monthly instalments. How do you spell your last name?" and he whipped out a smutty note book and a slim lead pencil. Bang! went the gate. A patent fastening—one, struck the door, and a pair of men came in the hall door, at the exact moment when a board was off. A glossy hat hung on the rack, a genteel smoothly wound umbrella was put in place, and a tall, stocky specimen, with lemon-hued locks parted in the middle and soaped

The "Chrono Man."

It was decided at breakfast that the Bunco family should have greens for dinner. The little boys with the classical names should go down in the meadow before school time and gather cowslips, Betty and the girl would take the hoe and the butcher knife and Alice Mabel should send over a piece of salted swine, and Alice Mabel should splash her hands in the pan while the provender was being washed, and scream when she was made to desist. There is nothing like a well arranged programme in family affairs; it saves confusion.

Time passed on. It always does you will notice if you watch the hands of a clock. The programme was gone through with to part second; the girl with the broom and duster, Betty washing and rinsing the "greens," and the baby with her hands in. Alas, how smilingly and innocently mortals stand on the very brink of a precipice. It is wisely ordered, for, as Pat would say, if we knew just what we were going to do, maybe we wouldn't do it. The finishing water was forming new channels inside Betty's sleeve to her elbow, likewise the length of the table to the floor; the time had arrived for the petite princess' crowning act, when came an ominous thud, thud, thud, on the kitchen door. "Come in," called Betty from the midst of her plight, and he came. A man with a fatherly collar, a banged hat, a perpetual smile, and a big, square, cherry-colored portfolio. He bowed to the girl and to Betty, and to the cupboard door and to the baby. He slid through, took a chair in the sitting-room, removed his banged hat, and invited the family in. He turned his ring over—set on the top—and twisted his moustache with his little finger. Thus in moments of supreme concern he trifles impresses himself on the mind. He hopped around sideways in his chair, undid the hasp of the cherry-colored case with a prompt bustle-like snap, and began: "Something here I must show you." Couldn't possibly by anything to-day, Betty hurried to explain, as she dried her soaked hands on her apron. "A paper I am getting subscribers for; every man and woman in the village have put their names down as I am sure you will," and he shook out a dirty looking quarto and spread it on the carpet. "Look at the size of it, a perfect marvel of economy, semi-weekly, only fifty cents a year, all the news of the day, a fashion page, an agricultural editor; notice that beautiful plate, Cotswold sheep, here is a Sunday-school column, and a youth's corner, and a seat of war correspondent, and a puzzle page, and a sanitary department—'I couldn't possibly'—strangled Betty, unsuccessfully, and a paper pattern with every number, and a set of silver spoons at the end of the first six months, with the family name on, or a corn-sheller, or a French horn, whichever you choose. Look at this lovely cut of the Prodigal Son; he has brought his old father home the present of a fat calf—this is the calf on this side; and in addition to all this unprecedented array and because it is hard times and we live only for the good of the public, witness this pair of cherries." Here he opened wide the cherry case and stood it up, winking down over this climax of all gifts, his shoulders lifted, and his limbs arms hanging, much more resembling the eagle on the new dollar. "You see this beautiful child, running down hill, her hair streaming in the wind, from an original painting by West. Here you have a cross, 'wreathed with flowers,' the picture from which this is copied took the first mention at the World's Fair. You see?" Betty saw a rose, wider across than the standard, and a grape leaf and a cherry on the same stem. "I couldn't possibly—" she screamed desperately. "No matter if you haven't the money I'll call again this evening," and he skipped around among his traps like a pet lamb in a pogy bed. "You neglected to notice these recipes—no continued stories—Lince Linwood and Kitty Carson, and all noted authors of both hemispheres write exclusively for it! Surely you wouldn't be the only woman in Pestown getting along without the Fireside Illuminator. And these remarkable offers these cherries—semi-weekly—only fifty cents a year."

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

He who promiseth runs in debt. He that does you a very ill turn will never forgive you.

The cement of love.

Disolute youths are called "bloods" because they live in vain.

Poverty is the test for civility and the touchstone of friendship.

A habitation giddy and unsure hath he that buildeth on the vulgar earth.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than through our good qualities.

The garbled and twisted oak has its counterpart in the narrow and stunted mind.

"Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford instead of that a sweet and gentle word."

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes; they love a train; they tread each other's heel.

To enjoy the benefits of Providence is wisdom; to enable others to enjoy them is virtue.

I prefer my family to myself, my country to my family, and the human race to my country.

There is no condition so low but may have hopes; nor any so high that is out of the reach of fears.

Among those who labor for future happiness, he is the greatest who lives well in his household.

False friendship is like the parasitic moss, which feeds on the life of the tree which it pretends to adorn.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

When I was happy I thought I knew men, but it was later that I should know them in misfortune only.

A sour heart will never make a sweet life. Plant the crabapple where you will, it will never bear pippins.

The church is a help not a force. It acts on us by rational and moral means, and not by mystical operations.

Sense shines with double lustre when it is in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.

That family is the best who obtain not unjustly, keep not unfaithfully and spend in a way that produces no repentance.

The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come.

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.

Many a man makes religion a cover to hide a wicked life; but do not blame hypocrites for the black crime of the hypocrite.

Give bread to a stranger in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds all men together under the Common Father of Nature.

A golden rule for a young lady is to converse always with your female friends as though a gentleman were of the party, and with young men as if your female friends were present.

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; the belief of truth, which is the enjoyment of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.

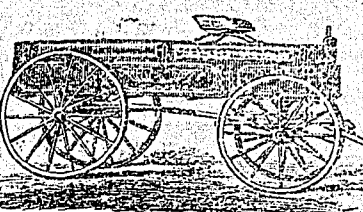
There may be, and there is, indeed, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and grovelling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.

Do anything but love, if thou lovest and art a woman, hide thy love from him whom thou dost worship; never let him know how dear he is; let him be a bird before him; lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower; but be not won, on the other hand, when caught and caged, be left to pine neglected and perish in forgetfulness.

For a man to stay at home simply because he feels "he can better enjoy his God" there, is a superficial, though common, form of selfishness. He is bound to consider the interests of his children, his wife, and the entire community. If it is his deliberate judgment that the church is of no benefit to the community, then he has a right to withdraw from it, but he ought to be willing to bear whatever alium that withdrawal may entail. If, on the other hand, he believes that the church is doing a good service in the community, then he ought to be willing to sustain it by his example and influence as well as by his funds, even if does not give him an hour and a half of enjoyment at every service.

In some way or other, whatever be my character or profession, I must acquire the holy habit of connecting everything that passes in my house and affairs with God. If sickness or health visit my family, my eye must see and my heart must acknowledge the hand of God therein. Whether my affairs move on smoothly or ruggedly, God must be acknowledged in them. If I go out of my house or come into it, I must go out and come in as beneath the eye of God. If I am occupied in business all the day long, I must still have the glory of God in view. If I have any affair to transact with another person, I must pray that

THE WAGON IS HERE.



We have heretofore noticed the excellent lot of Buggies, Phaetons, Spring Wagons, &c., here on exhibition by Mr. Connor, agent for the great carriage manufacturing of Davis, Gould & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio. The display was very attractive, and the workmanship was pronounced by competent judges to be of excellent quality. He has sold vehicles as follows:

To Mr. J. M. E. Crook, of Alexandria, a fine two seat phaeton.
To Mr. Wm. Scarborough, of White Plains, a two seat spring wagon.
To Mr. Jonas Adolph, near Adolph Mills, a two seat spring wagon.
To Mr. M. A. Whitesides, of Choctawhatchee Valley, an open buggy.
To Capt. Fry, of Germania, an open buggy.

All these sales were made with written guarantee for one year. The gentlemen who bought were well satisfied with their bargains.

Mr. Davis, a member of this great firm paid us a call Tuesday. He represents an immense business, his huge manufacturing turning out as many as twenty-five vehicles a day, all of the very best material that can be had in the United States. From the opinion we formed of Mr. Davis in conversation, we feel assured that he is a man who will make all his guarantees good, and put nothing on the market that will not come up to representation. The firm has sold in Alabama and on the line of Georgia since the 1st of October about fifty car loads of the various varieties of vehicles and not one has been returned by a buyer. In the principal cities of the United States there are wholesale dealers who buy all their work of this great house.

Mr. Connor, the agent here, has won during his short stay in our midst, hosts of friends by his genial manner and gentlemanly, courteous bearing. He will remain here next week to close out his stock, which he will doubtless be able to do. Parties wishing work had better come in the first of the week.—It

WAIT FOR "COOK'S" WAGON.

Louis Cook, of Cincinnati, Ohio, the largest carriage manufacturer in the world, represented by Mr. T. J. Jones, will have on exhibition in Jacksonville, during next week, a car load of his most excellent work, consisting of open and top Buggies, side bar Phaetons, open and top Carriages, spring Wagons, and, in fact, everything in the shape of a first class outfit. Mr. Cook's work has a world-wide reputation as being the best work on the market. The materials used in the construction of his carriages is the best that money will buy in the United States, and the workmanship the best that money will hire and buying as he does in large quantities, paying cash for everything, we see no reason why he cannot make a better buggy and sell it for less money than any man living; and we would advise all our friends, who contemplate buying, to avail themselves of the present opportunity and purchase one of his excellent wagons.—It

Thanks to Mr. Eddie Parr for some fine apples. The Parrs have some very fine fruit of this kind.

Rev. Mr. Richardson will call at public gallery before the Court-house door, on Saturday, Saturday, Nov. 20th, a buggy and harness, a fine buggy and saddle horse, a good cow, and some household and kitchen furniture. No doubt bargains can be obtained. He is preparing to move to Mobile, we understand.

Nelson-Henry. Married at the residence of the bride's parents, Nov. 18th, by Rev. W. H. Richardson, Mr. E. Brasher Nelson, formerly of Columbiana, to Miss Ella Hubbard.

After partaking of a pleasant repast prepared by the bride's mother, the happy young couple left on the morning train for this father's home in Columbiana, accompanied by friends and relatives, to spend a few days.

May the golden chain of peace bind those young hearts for ever.

We leave out a column of our real estate advertisements this week to make room for more reading matter.

One of the most gratifying results of the late election was the defeat of Horatio Butler, in Massachusetts. Nominated for Governor by the conservative element in both parties, during the canvass he developed enough strength to elect, and convince conservative men of the necessity for maintaining conservative principles. Therefore the late canvass in Massachusetts, the greatest election existed—cast nearly their whole vote for the Republican candidate, and secured the defeat of Butler. They did right. Of two evils choose the lesser. For unqualified meanness Butler was the climax.

A Good Omelet.—Allow to each egg one tablespoonful of milk, sufficient salt pepper, and butter to season well; beat the whites and yolks separately, add salt, pepper and butter; finally beat all together and turn into a hot buttered saucepan. The omelet is now ready to be eaten, moist in the center, which is accomplished by rolling it in the pan before

LINCOLN'S STRENGTH.

Be aware of the physical strength possessed by Mr. Lincoln. In sand. One morning, while we were sitting on deck, he saw an axe in a socket on the bulwarks, and taking it up, held it at arm's length at the extremity of the continuing to hold it there for a number of minutes. The most powerful sailors on board tried in vain to imitate him. Mr. Lincoln said he could do this when he was 18 years of age, and had never seen since that time when he could not do it. It occurred to me when reading the details of the plot that terminated in the death of the president, that his abduction, which was at one time proposed by the conspirators, would have resulted very disastrously to those who should have the temerity to undertake it. The man proposed was to waylay the president at night, during one of his frequent visits to the war department, where he was in the habit of going to read the telegraphic dispatches during the time of important movements, and where he was returning alone through the grounds of the White House. A last seen seen were to seize and carry him off, but he would not have been so easily taken. He had the strength of a giant. Judge Street of Chicago who was an intimate friend of his, says that he has seen him climb into a crowd, where two powerful men were fighting, and taking each by the collar hold them out at arms length in the most helpless and helpless position.

Dec. 10th in Baltimore.

A little five-year old boy at Hartford was asked by a lady a few days since for a kiss. He immediately complied, but the lady, noticing that the little fellow drew his hand across his lips, remarked, "Oh, but you are rubbing it off. No, I ain't," was the quick rejoinder. "I'm rubbing it in."

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it.

LOCAL MATTERS.

ED. G. CALDWELL,
(At the old Ferry Corner.)
Has on hand the best brands of Cheering and Smoking TOBACCOES, including the famous "Swamp" Pipe and the celebrated "Durham Smoking Tobacco." He has the largest stock of CIGARS in town. Among his brands you will find the "Sultan," "Margarita," "Royal," "Standard" and the favorite "Tide Wave."

Chocolate—Fine Imported Chocho. Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Corned Beef in great variety at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meats, Meats, Potatoes, Macaroni, Macaroni & Cheese at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of these fine Flaws of the Towlers patent at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Asplendid lot of new Tin Ware at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosene oil at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone ware at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1.00 at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1.00 at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers' prices at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 5 pounds of good COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

ARE YOU GOING TO TRAVEL?
Go to A. MEYERS & CO. Corner Brick corner, and get your trunks, Valises and complete outfit. Also, you can get fine Boots at \$1.50, Ladies' Shoes, 55 cents; besides the finest assortment in Baltimore, Shoes, Corsets, Kid Gloves, Children's Shoes, Ladies' Silk Ties, and new Styles of Dress Waists. Come and examine A. MEYERS & CO. CORNER BRICK CORNER.

WONDERFUL!
You ought to take a trip to A. MEYERS & CO. a large Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, and all kinds of Fancy Articles, and you will be led to a place of interest and wonderment. The quantity of their Goods, quality, beauty, Style and cheapness is often asked: How can A. MEYERS & CO. bring such a fine Stock of Goods there the way from NEW-YORK, and sell them for so low a price in Jacksonville? The question is fully answered, when it is known they buy with so much care and judgment, and in such "large" quantities. We can recommend the public to this Store for their Goods, and for their "cheap" and "accommodating" Clerks, and it is with great pleasure, they wait on all who patronize their Mammoth Emporium.

SOMETHING NEW.
The Parrs are daily receiving new goods. Go to Parrs to buy your fancy groceries. Fresh pork, Bologna sausage, pork sausage, breakfast bacon, dried beef, white fish, cod fish, mackerel, coarse and fine grits for breakfast or dinner, Irish potatoes, onions, cabbage, turnips, the best Young America cheese—small, 10 to 12 lbs each—and many other goods of this go. Come and see.

THE PARRS.
Have one fine milk cow for sale. Call soon. Also a few pounds of herring seed now. We have a full stock of fancy groceries and fancy groceries and would be happy to see our friends and sell to them at lower figures than ever sold in this market. Call and examine our large stock.

An Undeniable Truth.

You deserve to suffer, and if you lead a miserable, unsatisfactory life in this beautiful world, it is entirely your own fault, and there is only one excuse for you—your unreasonable prejudice and skepticism, which has filled thousands. Personal knowledge and common sense reasoning will soon show you that Green's August Flower will cure you of Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all its miserable effects, such as sick headache, putridity of the heart, sour stomach, habitual constiveness, dizziness of the head, nervous prostration, low spirits, &c. Its sales now reach every town on the Western Continent and not a Druggist but will tell you of its wonderful cures. You can buy a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will relieve you. For sale by W. M. MILES, B.T., Jacksonville, Ala.

Save Your Child's Life!
By giving Dr. J. C. Williams' (Teething) Food. Teething, with its attendant bowels and make Teething easy. Cures Children's Teething and Summer Complaints of Children, Head Fevers and Sores, Rashes and Prevents Worms. Analgesic only soothes Teething, cures the child.

For sale by Dr. W. M. Miles, Jacksonville, Ala., and all Druggists keep it.

Relief at Last!
From Children's Infantile and Summer Complaints. Dr. J. C. Williams' (Teething) Food. Regulates the bowels and makes Teething easy. Cures Children's Teething and Summer Complaints of Children, Head Fevers and Sores, Rashes and Prevents Worms. Analgesic only soothes Teething, cures the child.

For sale by Dr. W. M. Miles, Jacksonville, Ala., and all Druggists keep it.

At a few nights since, I gave my son one dose of Worm Oil, and the next day he passed 16 large worms. At the same time gave one dose to my little son, 4 years old, and he passed 10 worms from 4 to 16 inches long.

W. F. WILLIAMS.
For sale by Dr. W. M. Miles, Jacksonville, Ala., and all Druggists keep it.

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ADMR. SALE OF LAND.

Under and by virtue of an order issued by the honorable the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama. The undersigned is administrator of the estate of Green Wilson late of said county, deceased, will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder, upon the premises, on Saturday the 7th day of December, 1878, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lots No. 20, 21 and 22 of Section 31, and Lot No. 22 of Sec. 33, and Fraction No. 17 of Sec. 35 in Township 12, Range 11, and also the North East 1/4 of Section 15, and E. of Sec. 18, and North East 1/4 of North East 1/4 of Sec. 2, Township 13, Range 11, and 30 acres of bottom land, described as bounded on the west by Terrapin Creek, on the south by J. J. Wilson's land, and by a slough running nearly North West bounding the East, North East and North side, and being in Sec. 1 of T. 13 of Range 10.

Terms of Sale.—One fourth cash and the remaining three-fourths on 6 months. Note and approved security will be required to secure the unpaid purchase money.—This Nov. 4th 1878.

J. J. WILSON,
Administrator.

ADMR. SELLING OF LAND.
Under and by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, Ala. The undersigned, Admr. of the estate of M. M. Hanna deceased, will proceed on the 20th day of Nov. 1878, to sell the land and premises belonging to said estate, for the year 1878.

Said lands and premises will be rented on a credit of twelve months, note and approved security will be required to secure the purchase money.

MORRIS M. HANNA,
Admr.

SALE OF LAND.
I will offer for sale at public outcry, to the highest bidder, one-half acre, bounded as follows: On the north, by the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala. on Monday, the 2nd day of Dec. 1878, the Nelson place, 5 miles West of Jacksonville, Ala. Calhoun County, the North East 1/4, running to the top of the mountain to a stake and running with a straight line from one stake to the other, supposed to be 180 acres more or less, of Section 12, Township 14, Range 7, in the Coosa land District.

J. R. LOVE.

TAX COLLECTOR'S LAST REMIND.
I will attend to the following things, and on the days mentioned below, for the purpose of collecting the State and County Taxes, for the year 1878.

Present No. 8 Green's School House Tuesday Dec. 3 1878.

Present No. 9 Cross Plains Wednesday Dec. 4

Present No. 10 Leighton Thursday Dec. 5

Present No. 10 North Town Friday Dec. 6

Present No. 11 White Plains Saturday Dec. 7

Present No. 12 Davisville Tuesday Dec. 10

Present No. 13 Oxford Wednesday Dec. 11

Present No. 14 Andiston Thursday Dec. 12

Present No. 2 June Day (1 mile east of home) Friday Dec. 13

Present No. 1 Jackson Saturday Dec. 14

Present No. 4 Ganaway's School Monday Dec. 15

Present No. 5 Sulphur Springs Wednesday Dec. 18

Present No. 6 Calville Thursday Dec. 19

Present No. 7 Magnolia Friday Dec. 20

Present No. 8 Peaks Hill Saturday Dec. 21

Present No. 7 Webster's Chapel Monday Dec. 22 1878.

I will attend Jacksonville for 5 days, at the residence of J. B. Prater, on the 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th. Advertisers will become delinquent on the 1st day of January 1879, if not paid before that day.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone some thing which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively diseased.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, in cases of AGUE AND FEVER, where taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

AGUE AND FEVER.
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RODMAN, IDEAN & CO.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

WARE QUEENSWARE, DRUGS, &c.

In fact, everything kept in a first class establishment. Our Mr. Rodman attends personally to our purchases in New York, and buys to such advantage that we are enabled to give our customers the VERY BOTTOM OF THE MARKET. TRY us and see if you can't get BETTER BARGAINS than you can get elsewhere. We have the LARGEST and BEST assorted Stock in NORTH ALABAMA.

THE TENNESSEE WAGON, THE BEST WAGON on the market, sold by us.

ROME GEO. MARBLE WORKS.

JONES & EDMUNDSON,

MARBLE & GRANITE.

And Manufacturers of Tombs, Monuments and Headstones.

ROME, GEORGIA.

Write for what you want, and they will write you what it will cost you.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The undersigned is Agent for (3) three good and reliable FIRE COMPANIES of the South, to-wit:

GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO., COLUMBUS, GEOR. H. HOME PROTECTION " " HUNTSVILLE, ALA. CENTRAL CITY " " SELMA, ALA.

It is wisdom to insure your Dwellings, Barns, Gin Houses, Merchandise, etc.

If you desire INSURANCE, call on me at JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, or address me through the mails.—

I think I am warranted in saying that these Companies are all in a healthy condition financially, have a CAPITAL ample and sufficient to meet all their liabilities.

I. L. SWAN, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

Me 25th, 1878—1 y

HILLS & McDONALD, UNDERTAKERS.

ROME, GA.

We have added to our

MUNNATURE

Business that of Undertaking, and to those needing articles in this line we can offer a LARGE STOCK from which to select, and our best attention in the details of the business. We have a fine HEARSE, and are prepared in every way to give satisfaction to our patrons.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR STOVES.

W. W. NISBET Still leads the market in cheap Cooking and Heating Stoves, and yet he sells the very BEST in the market. If you want a

Real Good Stove

of any kind for a SMALL amount of money, call on him at Jacksonville, and he will supply you at short notice.

Nov. 16.—It.

OUR COMBINED CATALOGUE FOR 1878 OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN.

Numbering 175 pages, with Colored Plate.

SENT FREE

To our customers of past years, and to all purchasers of our books, either GARDENING FOR PROFIT, PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE, or GARDENING FOR PLEASURE. Price \$1.50 each, prepaid by mail. To others on receipt of 25 cts. Plain Plant or Seed Catalogue, without Plate, free to all.

Peter Henderson & Co., Seedsmen Market-Gardeners, and Florists, 35 Cortland St., New York.

JAMES HUTCHINSON, Barber & Hair-dresser, Room at Office Row, recently occupied by Dick Walker.

If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in neat and fashionable style, give him a call. Jacksonville, April 20, 1878.

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE

The Best

Jacksonville

Republican

VOLUME XLII.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 2172.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

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A PLEASANT MEMORY.

'Twas August's sultry prime.

And all the while on the hills and on the vales,

And where the shrunken brooks made eddies

rhyme.

The golden road swept o'er by summer gales,

Glowed in the landscape yet untouched by

blight.

Wearing June's freshness in the still, clear

light.

It is young Autumn's flower.

What doth it here amid late summer songs,

And trees yet laden with their spring-time

dower.

And all that to this gladsome time belongs?

It speaks of waking days, of life's swift flow,

Of thick-leaved forests with all hues aglow.

How regally it wears

Its feathery honours, nodding to the wind

That lightly passes by, and freely bears

Upon its perfumed wings fond memories

twined

With days departed yet so near, we feel

How beautiful thou art.

Thou Golden-Jowl! We will not blend with

these

Sad thoughts that linger when the flowers de-

part

And summer sun shines not on summer sea,

Thou wilt fulfil thy mission and then rest;

What more doth man, with his unquiet breast.

All For Love.

It was a beautiful day at Fort—

Just outside the national capital; on

this occasion a particularly brilliant

event, as the general-in-chief, together

with the President, were to be present.

The sun, shining in the west a mass

of golden splendour, flashed its farewell

rays upon lines of burnished steel and

men drawn up in battle array, the la-

dies reflecting its colors in the gay plu-

mage with which they had adorned

themselves while their merry laughter

and musical voices were now and then

to be heard amid the pauses of the band.

Then all eyes turned upon the troops.

Evolution followed evolution, till the

whole field seemed a bewildering mass

fairly dazzling to look upon, when, to

the distant left, the order for a cavalry

charge suddenly was given, and in an

instant moment men and horses, as

though moulded together in one solid

phalanx, swept forward to the front.

But now, above the clash of instru-

ments and clatter of hoofs, rose a wo-

man's cry, shrill and piercing, stabbing

every heart with its agonized expres-

sion.

The cause was but too soon to be seen.

A little child—a fairy vision, with long

golden curls floating from her waist—had

unobserved, darted from her mother's

side, and now was directly in the path

of the approaching horsemen, her white

dress in startling contrast to the green

sward, soon, perhaps, to be dyed with

her innocent blood.

Every face blanched, every lip trem-

bled, every pulse thrilled. The poor

mother whose one scream of agony

had proclaimed her suffering, seemed

converted into a piece of marble. From

the bystanders there was no hope of

rescue. Another instant and the little

form would be crushed beneath the on-

coming hoofs.

Foremost in the ranks rode the young

figure who led the charge. The tiny

figure fluttered before him, the baby

smiling in glee, caught his eye, and his

mind grasped the danger and the

chance of averting it.

But a few feet separated them. With

his horse at full gallop, he swung him-

self from the saddle, down almost to

the ground, caught the child's dress in

his firm clutch, and before its smile had

frozen to terror, lifted it to his saddle-

bowl, and swept on over the field.

It was a gallant deed, gallantly done.

Cheer after cheer, in deafening chorus,

rent the air; but the color had not yet

fluttered back into the cheek of the

beautiful young mother, when, the

charge over, the officer reined his steed

before her, and placed her child, all

uninjured and unharmed into her arms.

One glance she took up into the

handsome face bending over her, sym-

pathy and consideration marked upon

it, but the words she meant to utter

died on her lips, while his expression

changed to cold, incredulous hauteur,

and merely with a bow down to his

horse's mane, a courteous raising of his

hat, he turned, and soon was but a

speck in the distance.

At her writing table sat Constance

Barton—before her the sheet of paper

on which her pen had just rested, in

her hand a portrait. The letter was

the portrait of her child's life—the

portrait of a man to whom she had

once worked a bitter wrong. Yet,

strange! Indeed, though years had

changed the smile about his mouth to

stern and bitter lines, that instant's

glance, when he placed her child back

in her arms, revealed to him to whom

the letter was addressed, and the pic-

ture in her hand one and the same.

Bitter mockery of fate! Would he ac-

cept the flower of peace she offered

him?

She had written:

"Will you not let me see and thank

you? What revenge for real or fancied

wrong could you have given more

noble than you laid yesterday at my

feet? Terry, I dare not say forgive,

but oh, forget! I will be home to-mor-

row at four. I will expect you at that

hour. You will at least allow me to

thank you in person, my child's deliv-

ery."

Like a voice from the dead the writ-

ten words seemed to Terry Randolph.

How little he had dreamed those words

it was he had saved from instant death,

like a sword, the pale, beautiful

face of his mother rose to pierce him.

"But can I withstand her with-

craft?" he said aloud. "Her presence

moved me only because I was so un-

prepared for it. Is her husband with

her, I wonder—the Crusus for whose

money-bags she threw me over.

Certainly, Mrs. Barton, I await your pleas-

ure. To me, Constance Allen is dead.

I need not fear her ghost in Mrs. Bur-

ton."

But, spite of this soliloquy, the ap-

pointed hour found the usually com-

posed man walking restlessly up and

down the hotel parlor, awaiting her

coming.

Scarcely a sound her light footfall

made upon the velvet carpet; but, light

as it was, it thrilled through every

fiber of his frame as he turned to meet

her.

A vision of loveliness she stood before

him. Time had but added to her beau-

ty, but the memory of the ruin that

self-same beauty had wrought hard-

ened him, as the hot iron hardens

when carried from the heart of the hot

flame; and once more the self-com-

posed, immovable man of the world

waged in courteous hauteur, that she

might break the silence.

"Terry—Colonel Randolph," she be-

gan, her voice low and gentle, mur-

muring through the room, "will you

not let me thank you?"

"Thanks are unnecessary, Mrs. Bur-

ton. You must remember I should

have done the same had anyone else's

child stood in my path."

"But I cannot forget that it was

your own life you risked."

"You value life so much, Mrs. Bur-

ton? Ah, I forget. To you it must be

full of possibilities. By-the-way, may

I not pay my respects to Mr. Barton?"

"Terry, it is possible you do not

know? I have been five years a widow.

Mr. Barton lived but a year; but here

comes my baby—my darling! You

will accept from her lips a kiss, when

words of mine you spurn, and when—"

But the sentence remained un-

finished; tears sparkled in her eyes

and trembled in her voice.

If this was acting, it was marvelous;

but mother-love is strong in every wo-

man's heart, even though no other

feeling may enter, thought Randolph,

as he caught the little child—her

child—to his breast, with a thrill of

excitation, in spite of himself, that

had been the hand to save it. An

hour later he rose to go.

"You will call again?" questioned

the sweet tones. "You—you have for-

given me, Terry?"

"Not only forgiven, but learned to

thank you, Mrs. Barton. You made a

man of me, and taught me a lesson for

which I must ever remain a debtor."

Under the courteous words the wo-

man paled. Each faded with a sharp

chord, each held its hidden sting; but

her pride came to her rescue.

"Then we are still friends? I shall

see you often."

"As often as my professional duties

will admit. A soldier is not always

from his own master. Surely I shall not

want for an attraction."

Then, with his old grace of manner,

he bowed low and left her. With

weary steps ascended to her room;

but, once within their sacred precincts,

[illegible][illegible]

R. R. R.

DYSSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED BY
Radway's Ready Relief.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA
DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT
BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES BY
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the K. K. Relief.

Aches and Pains.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or limbs, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pain in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate relief, and its continued use for a few days effect permanent cure. Price 60 cents.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous system, dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, dysuria, flatulency, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DI-
SEASE, SCROFULA, OR SYPHI-
LITIC, HEREDITARY OR
CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR
BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS
AND VITIATING
THE FLUIDS.

CHRONIC pneumonia, scrofula, vascular
swelling, hacking dry cough, cancerous affec-
tions, syphilitic complaints, bleeding of the
lungs, dyspepsia, water brash, tic doloureux,
rheumatism, dropsy, inflammation and dis-
eases, mercurial diseases, female com-
plaints, gout, dropsy, salt rheum, bronchitis
consumption.

Liver Complaint, &c.

NEED NOT BE MISAPPROPRIATED BY THE FOLLOWING:

cel and many other ailments, and is the only all round agent in the cure of Croup, Scrophulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,

Uterine and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Bladder Dropsy, stoppage of water, incutaneous of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases with their cure are brief—just deposit, if the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with sediment, or if the urine is dark, or if the urine is thick, or if the silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposit, and the disease is a prickling, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold in the drugists. Price ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF 'TEN YEARS' GROWTH

CURED BY

Dr. Radway's Remedies.

HAVE HAD AN OVARIAN TUMOR
IN THE OVARIES AND DOW-
NELS FOR OVER TEN
YEARS.

ANN ARDOR, Dec. 7, 1901.
Dr. RADWAY: That others may be benefited
I make this statement. I have had an Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries
and bowels for ten years, and have been treated
and operated on several times, but without avail
benefit. It was growing with such rapidity
could not be removed. My friends and
mine induced me to try Radway's Ointment,
and after using it about thirty days, and
much deliberation, I tried them.
I feel perfectly well, and my heart is free
gratitude to God and to you, Dr. Radway.
To you, sir, and your wonderful medicine
I am indebted for my freedom from this
may be such a blessing to others as it has
been to me. I am, sir, your obedient servant,
Mrs. BUDING, who is kept the above certificate
is the person for whom I requested medicines about
the Ovarian Tumor. I am, sir, your obedient
statement were brought of me, with the exception
of the Ovarian Tumor. I am, sir, your obedient
her statement is correct without a quibble.
Very truly,
Dr. Radway and Chemist, ANN ARDOR, Mrs.
This is the certificate that Mrs. BUDING has
been afflicted with for ten years for men-
years well known to us, and the fact that
statement would be correct and true for
any one who knows Mrs. BUDING will believe
our statement. (Signed)
M. H. COOPER, MARY H. FORD.

Dr. RADWAY & CO.,
32 WARREN STREET, N. Y.

WE HAVE IT AT LAST
A PERFECT
Shirt Bosom Stretcher
AND IRONING BOARD.

Best selling article in Market, sold in all
city and country. There are Agents, some
known daily. It is superior in every respect,
and will give the best results. Wanted, 25
cents. **DATE** November 29, 1877. Large portable
and useful article. **Wanted** 25 cents.
and **COUNTY** (HIGGINS) FOR SALE. Send
article and name.

A. W. SMITH,
McKeenport, Allegheny County, Pa.
1873 in what paper you saw this advertisement.

SEWING MACHINES
Qualities and Valuable Improvements.
These First-CLASS FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
are sold. Every Machine as represented or no sale. Agents
from Dress-makers, Tailors, Shoemakers,
and Hats. Send for samples of work

g Machine Co.,
sinut Street, Philadelphia.